THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 74. PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 1

ABSENCE.

BY F. J. S.

Though absent, far away, from thee
My thoughts I cannot turn;
They, like one deep but even sea
Of love, flow on 'twixt you and me,
And cause my heart to burn.

When business fills my breast with care,
And disappointment damps my will,
When silence lifts my heart in prayer,
When not a soul save One is near,
E'en then I see thee still.

I see thee still—I love thee still;
And while I draw this fleeting breath,
No mortal power shall change my will;
My love is true, and ne'er shall chill
'Till I resign myself to Death.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE night had passed into morning before Cynthia ceased walking to and fro in her room; she had curtly dismissed her maid, and with her own hands had tossed aside her splendid gown and almost torn the jewels from her arms and throat and head. She hated the gleaming gems that night—they were like so many witnesses to her shame and anguish; they seemed to remind her of the price she had paid for them, of the wrong she had done to obtain them.

Once, in a moment of hot anger and misery, she went to the table and fiercely flung a wrap over the jewels to shut out their flashing lights; then she sat down in a chair and, folding her arms over her aching heart, let her thoughts have full vent. This hour was the worst that had come to her as yet, for now she stood face to face with the truth. She saw her hope fade away, she saw the future which she had imagined and cherished so eagerly sink into the shadows of the impossible, she saw a long life stretching before her in which peace and happiness and heart-satisfaction would never have place—nay, more, in which she must be for ever tormented with the sight of her former lover's devotion to another, with the knowledge of his scorn for her, with the realization of failure always facing her. She saw for the first time that night how she had deceived herself; but now she read his meaning so clearly that she could deceive herself no longer. She had laid bare her heart and her hopes to him during the weeks just gone, and he had set his foot upon them, crushing them in the dust. She accepted her defeat, she acknowledged his triumph; she could not deny his right to this revenge, though it was strange to her that he of all men—he who had been so tender, so noble, so good—should demand and enjoy such revenge.

There was one point however which she could not accept, and that was her aunt's explanation of those few strange words that he had spoken. Where all else was concerned she was comparatively apathetic; but the mere thought of Jane roused the worst part of her nature to fever-heat. In every other respect she was powerless—she could do nothing but bow beneath his triumphant scorn, submit to his crushing contempt; but here there was no need for submission—they could meet on equal grounds. He might call himself her master; but she was mistress over Jane Ludlowe; and she declared to herself passionately, fiercely, that so long as she was guardian of this girl, so long would she take steps to defend herself from this last and most bitter part of his revenge.

"The world is large. Let him choose what other woman he will," she said to herself doggedly—"whoever she may be, I can and shall have to endure it—but I could not endure his choosing that one. I think I should end it all and give myself peace at least, if I could get nothing else."

But this last was only a passing reckless thought. Her nerves were now braced up; she was ready for action. He had flung down the glove, he had defied, denied and despised her; but he had also given her a warning, and he should find that, however he might enjoy a triumph over her in other ways, the task of putting the finishing touch to her discomfiture by making Jane Ludlowe his wife was one he should not accomplish easily. This resolution once formed, she had to think out her plan of action.

The first thing she determined upon was an immediate return to Carno Court, and thenceforward a keen personal supervision over Jane. The fact that her stepdaughter and Lord Hampshire were well acquainted was a great surprise to her, and she was eager to ascertain where they had come in contact, and to take prompt steps to prevent any possibility of their meeting again. The curious dislike she had always felt for Jane, her irritation and impatience at the girl's every action, was now fully explained to her, and she was filled with a burning desire to hold unlimited power over this being who had dealt her the worst suffering she had yet experienced.

Cynthia lost many of her old characteristics in this dark moment of her life. She had no sense of justice or charity or even pride when she thought of Jane. She felt there was nothing she would not stoop to do in order to vent some of her sullen hatred upon this girl who was so infinitely above her. On the morrow she would leave London. The season was almost dead, and she had no longer any pleasure in remaining now that her hopes were swept away, now that she saw truly and clearly what lay before her.

She desired rather to hide herself securely from her former lover, instead of living and planning and scheming to meet him, as she had done during the past few weeks. On the morrow she would therefore go back to the home she had managed to forget so easily; and something akin to pleasure sprang up in her heart as she pictured to herself the power she could exercise over Jane. When at last she sank down upon her dainty bed in a broken restless sleep, Cynthia had arrived at one point of consolation. She might never be able to get on equal terms with him, but she could at least let the burden of her disappointment and displeasure find full relief in her dealings with this girl, who should, she determined with sullen hate, meet with no mercy or consideration at her hands.

* * * * * *

As Lord Hampshire walked away from Lady Montrose and from the woman he so thoroughly despised, he had no definite plan of action in his mind; he was conscious only of intense satisfaction. He had spoken without premeditation. The possibility of an ill-feeling on Cynthia's part towards her husband's child had never occurred to him—in fact, he had thought very rarely about Jane, and there had never been the faintest connection between any remembrance of her that had come to him and Cynthia. When however, at the sound of Lady Montrose's praise of Jane, he had caught sight of Cynthia's face and read instantly the meaning of the expression on it, his mind changed. As though this woman had laid her heart open before him, he realized at once Cynthia's feeling towards this gentle girl, and he immediately resolved to make Jane Ludlowe his wife.

In his present mood the influence that had moved him so strangely during the few times when he and Jane had met did not touch him. She was to him now not a separate individuality, not a young innocent creature who demanded his protection; he thought of her only as a weapon by means of which he could deal the most bitter blows at Cynthia's pride and vanity. He knew that his marriage would be something almost too much for Cynthia to bear; but a marriage with one whom she disliked and feared—as he knew she did dislike and fear Jane Ludlowe—would be an overwhelming punishment, a full and complete revenge.

He was absorbed in this miserable desire when he made his way out of the house, dismissed his cab, threw his light overcoat over his shoulders, and turned into the quietness of one or two London by-streets to find his way home on foot. The days of the past came back to him as he walked slowly along. How often he had walked, as he was doing now, through the squares and down the long streets, returning at midnight from hours of overwork, from a day of continued toil, weary in body and mind, ill from insufficient food and lack of exercise! Yet with what a glad heart had he made his way home at such times! What if he had been weary almost to exhaustion? Had he not worked marvellously well? Had he not earned a day's double pay by his labor and sacrifice? And was not the future he lived for brought a little closer by his hard exertions?

The rich man walking alone now in the summer night shivered as he recalled the image of that poor man going back to his humble lodgings, worn out in body, yet with a heart full of radiant happiness and delight. He remembered how he had often looked up at the silver moon and pictured its rays creeping into the nest where his darling lay—his Cynthia, his queen, the star of his life, his love, for whom he toiled with such untiring zeal. He remembered how frequently a prayer would hover on his lips for this love, how his heart would swell with gratitude for the prize he possessed, how he craved for even more work so that he could build up a future worthy of his darling's loveliness and sweetness! And then there came the memory of that one dark day, of that cruel letter, of the silent anguish that had fallen upon him—then the incredulity, the burning hope, the eager clinging faith, and then that scene in the Opera-house.

He stopped suddenly in his homeward walk and laughed bitterly. What strange coincidence was this? It was the anniversary of that very night! A year had gone—a year full of strange events—a year in which his old generous nature had gradually slipped from him, leaving him what he was!

"And she had the power to make me suffer as I did then!" he said to himself resentfully. "Bah—I was a fool to have believed in her or in any one—to have given such devotion, to have worked my heart's blood out as I did! I despise myself for it!" He walked on, his pulses beating furiously, his anger increasing. "No punishment is harsh enough for her," he said sullenly. "If I make her suffer all the rest of her life, we shall still not be even, for she destroyed me; she took my heart and trod upon its best hopes, its sweetest dreams, with a coldness equalled only by her cruelty! Oh, she did a horrible thing! When I remember what she did, it moves me almost to tears—not for what it means to me now, but for the wreck she made of me then. Revenge is justice! To make her suffer, to punish her, to let her know there is some sting in life in spite of her wealth—that is her due; and I know her so well now—I know just what will hurt her most! Why did I not see this before? She was so sure to be jealous of this girl who, though nothing in her estimation, is so infinitely greater than she! My lady is thorough," he added, with a short cynical laugh. "When she is jealous, she is jealous of all; and, though she does not even dream of restraining herself or of aspiring to grow good, yet she hates those whose goodness is visible even to her. That is her reason for hating Jane Ludlowe. The girl is so much her superior in goodness and sweetness; she is lovely, too, and she is therefore dangerous. What happy fate led me to speak as I did to-night? All is now clear to me. She will do her best to outwit me; but"—he set his teeth determinedly—"she may do all she likes—Jane Ludlowe shall be my wife. I have said it, and no earthly power shall rob me of this my revenge!"

In this moment, when all that was base in his nature rose above the good, he gave no thought to the unworthiness of his sudden determination, to the fresh young heart which must be injured, if not sacrificed, by her participation in his scheme; he had no foreshadowing of the remorse that must come to him in the future at the misuse of his power over this young creature; he thought only of himself.

* * * * * *

Lady Ludlowe had retired to rest on the night of the momentous interview with her old lover firm in the resolution to betake herself to Carno Court at an early hour the next day. A circumstance occurred however which completely precluded all possibility of her leaving town for the next few days at least.

She had only just awakened from a broken and restless sleep when a hasty summons came from her mother's room. Mrs. Denistoun was alarmingly ill.

Never strong at any time, of late she had been weaker than usual, though Cynthia had been too absorbed in her own secret affairs to notice this; and now a crisis had come, and, as Lady Ludlowe stood looking down at her mother's pale unconscious face as she lay in a swoon, she realised with mingled feelings of anger and remorse that she must abandon all other things for the moment and give her whole attention here.

She was genuinely affected. Selfish as she was, she had always given her mother both affection and esteem. Perhaps she had never realized how much this mother was to her until this moment, when there was a definite possibility of her losing the delicate adoring parent altogether. With every nerve in her body unstrung, with her vanity smarting under the cruel disappointment that had come to her, Cynthia found herself clinging unconsciously to this gentle, pale worn woman who had never failed in her illimitable love or swerved an instant from her allegiance. In her mother's eyes and heart at least she reigned supreme. Death alone could rob her of this loyal faith and adoring pride.

Doctors were summoned as quickly as possible, and Cynthia also sent a message to her aunt. This was her duty in the circumstances; but it was not duty that prompted Cynthia to call Lady Montrose to her side at this juncture. She had no wish to see her aunt; those few sharp words uttered by Lady Montrose on the night before had been far from palatable to her. Cynthia however had need of her aunt, and therefore she was sent for.

Lady Ludlowe had a brief interview with the two doctors. Her first question was whether Mrs. Denistoun could with safety be moved from London, and the reply was that for a few weeks such a course was absolutely impossible. Cynthia grew a little paler as she heard this decree given with firmness. She knew it was irrevocable, for her own knowledge of her mother's constitution told her that the present attack of illness was more serious than any from which she had yet suffered. She set her lips firmly.

"Jane shall come here," she decided, as she established herself in her mother's room. "To satisfy appearances, aunt Susan shall go to Carno in place of the girl. I cannot breathe while I feel she is out of my reach. How do I know what may happen?"

She grew restless and feverishly angry as the hours wore on; she tried not to include her mother in this anger, but her irritation and the burning jealousy and indignation that consumed her speedily set on one side her first feelings of tenderness. It was with difficulty that she restrained herself from rushing off to Carno and returning thence with Jane. She could not for very shame's sake however gratify this desire; she could only fall back upon Lady Montrose, and then wait as patiently as she could for what would follow.

It was luncheon-time before Lady Montrose came. She was greatly concerned about her sister and not a little alarmed. Possessing robust health herself, she could not fully sympathize with suffering; but the surroundings and appurtenances of illness affected her. She amazed Lady Ludlowe by suddenly bursting into tears as soon as she was outside the sick-room.

"I am a wicked woman, Cynthia," she sobbed; "I have neglected your poor mother shamefully! I never used to trouble about her illness in the old days—I dare say you remember—but I always loved poor Helen—yes, always—always—and I—I can't bear to see her like this!"

Cynthia smiled a bitter smile.

"You have atoned of late for all your former neglect, aunt Susan. Don't be alarmed; she will not die this time—my money will keep her alive a little longer. In those old days it was much harder. I wonder now that she lived through it all!" Cynthia's voice changed as she mentioned those old days; the very sound of the words was a stimulant to her. In such a moment as this she felt that, no matter what wrong she had dealt to George Nugent, she had done wisely and right in accepting the position she now held; and, as the remembrance of his cruel eyes came to her, and that subtle insinuation of punishment that had been conveyed to her on the previous night in his carefully-worded speech, she felt her heart grow cold and hard within her, and the desire to wrest his victory from him became more and more pronounced. She looked at her aunt for a few moments without speaking while she recovered from her unusual display of agitation.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Cynthia?" she asked, as she glanced at herself in the mirror to mark the effect her tears had made upon her complexion. "It seems absurd to ask such a question, I know," Lady Montrose added quickly, "for, with such a retinue of servants as you have——"

"Servants cannot do everything," Cynthia interposed rather swiftly.

Lady Montrose glanced sharply at her niece; she was a shrewd woman, and instantly understood that something was required of her—something Cynthia herself would have done but for this illness of her mother. Lady Montrose passed her small fat hands one over the other and examined her diamond rings.

"I want you to go to Carno Court, aunt Susan," said Cynthia, after another pause.

"To-day?" There was no sign of surprise in her ladyship's tone. "She has got something in her mind about Jane," she said to herself.

"To-day, if convenient, aunt Susan."

"I can go this afternoon, or perhaps I had better say to-morrow. Do you want me to stay there any length of time?"

"I want you to stay there till mamma is able to be moved—that will be in about a fortnight—at least I hope so." Cynthia paused for a moment and then continued, "I want you to replace Jane. She has been left too long with all the weight and anxiety of her father's nursing on her hands; a change will do her good, and I require her here for a while."

Lady Montrose frowned slightly.

"I am perfectly willing to go to Carno and remain there as long as you like, Cynthia; but I don't fancy it will be easy to make Jane renounce her father, even for the sake of her health."

"I do not intend to consult Jane in the matter," said Lady Ludlowe coldly. "I stand in her father's place, and shall expect obedience to my commands."

"Is it possible that Cynthia is beginning to make preparations against any chance of Hampshire's words becoming a reality? It looks remarkably like it," reflected Lady Montrose.

She gazed steadily at her niece, and then, with more depth than usual in her tones, said—

"I hope, Cynthia, your commands will never be other than what is just and right to your husband's child. You must forgive me, my dear, if I speak plainly. I do not think—unless of course Jane's health is being seriously affected—that you will seem kind or considerate if you take the girl away from her father just now. Remember your position is now exactly like hers. You could not leave poor Helen, could you? Then why should it be more easy for Jane to leave her father? I quite agree with you that it is a good thing for some one to represent you at Carno when you cannot be there yourself; but——" Lady Montrose paused.

Cynthia had flushed crimson, and was now pale even to her lips.

"On second thoughts, I will not trouble you to do anything, aunt Susan," she said truly.

Lady Montrose uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Stuff and nonsense, Cynthia! Don't be so short-tempered. I have only said what is just, and you know it. I will go to Carno. I can't leave, I am afraid, until to-morrow; but I dare say that will suit you—and I will carry out all your instructions as far as lies in my power."

Cynthia was walking to and fro—she was not satisfied or pleased; but she could not exist now without supervising Jane in some way, and her aunt's services were better than none.

"Very well," she said, after a while. "I hope you will go as soon as you can and stay as long as possible. Let me know all that goes on at Carno. And I desire you to stop all intercourse between Jane and that Mrs. Winter. I find that that woman is staying in the village and sees Jane every day. I distinctly object to that; kindly let her understand so. I shall have to make a good many changes when I go back. I have not been at all wise in leaving Jane so much to herself."

Lady Montrose polished her rings with her gloves during this speech.

"I suppose you still have satisfactory reports about Sir Richard?" she asked presently.

Cynthia shrugged her shoulders.

"He will outlive many of us," she answered. "Now, aunt Susan, please let me know at what time you can start to-morrow. I want to give you all my instructions before you go, so that there shall be no misunderstanding."

"Oh, yes, certainly—let there be no misunderstanding!" Lady Montrose said a little impatiently. She curbed her temper however and listened to all Cynthia had to say. When at last she left the house, she laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"So that is my duty—to watch that little girl and report on her every movement, poor child—as if there would ever be anything to report! Jane is devoted heart and soul to her poor stricken father. I wonder why Cynthia so dislikes her? It is a pity; it is so unreasonable, and it looks so bad! The fact of the matter is," Lady Montrose concluded, "Jane must marry as soon as she possibly can. Life for her under Cynthia's control will be a pretty sad affair—I can see that at a glance. Upon my word, I can't help wishing that Hampshire may be in earnest! Anhow, if I can help Jane to make a home and future for herself away from Cynthia altogether, I shall decidedly do so—that at least is very certain!"

CHAPTER XVI.

IT WAS dusk on the following day before Lady Montrose reached the small station nearest to Carno Court. She had traveled, of course, with a large number of boxes; she could hardly move an inch without surrounding herself with almost everything she possessed. Intent on satisfying herself that all her valuables were at hand, Lady Montrose did not observe that her actions were being studied and followed with some amusement by a young man who was lounging in the station, having evidently come there at that hour to obtain the latest newspaper from the London train.

"Cynthia's advance guard," Lord Hampshire said to himself, as he stood watching Lady Montrose moving to and fro like a great gray moth in her tweed traveling-gown. "She was quick to take my meaning, then! She has begun early. Of course she would have come herself if she had been able. Well, this promises some excitement. I don't expect she has imagined for an instant that it was possible for me to get two days' start of her. This is an unexpected arrival! If that child had known Lady Montrose was coming, she would most assuredly have told me;" and then he drew himself up at attention—Lady Montrose, with her voluble French maid—the one porter looking distracted and half smothered under an avalanche of luggage—was advancing towards him.

She almost shrieked when she saw him. Lady Montrose's exclamations were always most eloquent.

"You really should not," she remonstrated, when she recovered her breath sufficiently to enable her to speak—"no, you really should not, George! Excuse the old name—it sounds so natural! You ought to remember there are people in this world with nerves, and, when you will persist in popping up and down like a Jack-in-the-box, it is very trying to those nerves."

"Let me relieve you of that wrap," said the Earl, calmly appropriating the article as he spoke, "and let me also congratulate you on your visit to each of the very prettiest little bits of English country I have ever known. You will certainly enjoy it after the heat and distractions of London."

"Well, I don' know about that," replied Lady Montrose, with a laugh. She was recovering from her astonishment, and was conscious now of a feeling of amusement and excitement that was far from being disagreeable to her. She was by nature an intrigante, and loved any association with such an affair as that which she was sure lay now close to her hands. The memory of Cynthia brought to Lady Montrose's mind the fact that, if her niece knew of the Earl's presence there at that moment, she would be very far from being pleased; and that was exciting also. Lady Montrose had not the clue to the warfare that had begun between Lady Ludlowe and this man, but she was a woman of the world, and her ready shrewd wit supplied what her knowledge lacked. Indeed, had she been as dull as she was shrewd, she must have learned part of the truth from the events of the past two days.

"My visit at Carno will not be so tedious as I had imagined," said Lady Montrose to herself; out loud she began questioning him in her usual frank way. "Now, without my being considered very rude or curious, do you mind telling me what on earth has brought you down to this benighted spot, Lord Hampshire?"

"I will answer any number of questions you care to ask me if you will only continue to call me 'George;'" replied the Earl, with a twinkle in his handsome eyes and a smile on his lips.

Lady Montrose hit him lightly with her umbrella.

"You are a bad boy!" she said caressingly. She could not help it, she liked him so much, and, although long past her youth, she was nevertheless in the full possession of her woman's vanity. Lord Hampshire, in his turn, had a genuine liking for Cynthia's aunt; her unblushing worldliness amused him.

"It is I who should ask you that question," he said lightly. "How is it possible that Lady Montrose has been able to tear herself away from town, even though the season is at its last gasp? How many aching hearts has she not left behind?"

"Don't make fun of me, George!" Lady Montrose responded composedly. "And will you kindly tell my fool of a maid that she is to go with the luggage? I shall court death in that other fly, and you can take care of me."

"Delighted!" said Hampshire smilingly. He arranged everything just as she required it, and eventually helped her into a very shaky-looking vehicle, and gave the address to the decrepit driver.

"What a comfort a nice man is!" Lady Montrose sighed, as they began their journey to Carno Court.

"You have not answered my question," the Earl remarked, unfolding the wrap and spreading it about her carefully.

"Nor you mine!" Lady Montrose retorted; then she sighed. "You behold in me a victim to duty and conventionality—not altogether an unwilling one, I must confess. I believe truly I am not sorry to leave town; I shall be all the better for a little quiet and rest. Besides, as I told you once before, I like Jane Ludlowe, and I am here to take care of her."

Lord Hampshire folded his arms and leaned back in the corner of the fly.

"I hope Mrs. Denistoun is not very seriously ill?" he said gently.

"Ah—you have heard about her? Poor Helen! No—she was already much better to-day; but still Cynthia cannot possibly leave her; nor can she dream of having Helen moved for the next week or ten days. So that is the reason of my appearance here; I represent Lady Ludlowe for the occasion."

"And you have come to take care of Miss Ludlowe? May one ask why such care is more necessary now than it has seemed to be at any other time during the past few months?"

"Oh," exclaimed Lady Montrose, with a deprecatory gesture, "I obey orders! I may not ask questions."

"Except of one!" the young man laughed. "You know you did ask me a question, Lady Montrose."

"I know you did not answer it," she replied promptly.

"Well, there is such a similarity in our purpose that your answer to my query will serve for my answer to yours."

"Now that is very neat and clear, I suppose, but I am afraid I don't quite understand what it means, George."

"I think you do understand me perfectly," returned Lord Hampshire very quietly.

Lady Montrose pretended to reflect for a few moments.

"Well, I am come here to take care of Jane Ludlowe. You come——"

"Hoping to achieve the same purpose eventually," interposed the Earl coolly.

"Hampshire, you are not serious?" she gasped. Although she had expressed herself so decidedly to Cynthia on the subject of his intentions, now that she was receiving full and complete confirmation of her ideas from his own lips, she could not believe him. It was, after all, such an extraordinary states of things that it required a certain amount of time to grasp it thoroughly. "You are not really in earnest?" urged Lady Montrose.

"I am not certainly in earnest," the young man answered very quietly. "My keenest hope, my greatest wish it to make Jane Ludlowe my wife."

"And you could marry any one! You know you are the 'catch' of the year, George. Dear me—you will cause a great deal of disappointment as well as surprise when you announce this news!" Lady Montrose began stripping her hands of her gloves. "Not but what Jane is a sweet girl," she went on, after a pause; "I told you so the other night, did I not? I lost my heart to her the very first moment I saw her. She has a lovely face, with those big mysterious eyes of hers and her sweet expression. She will be a beautiful woman. I am not surprised, after all, that you should have fallen in love with her; and I hope"—here Lady Montrose turned almost sharply upon the young man—"and I do hope you will be very good to her, George, for she is only a child, and not a common nature by any means. Have you spoken to her yet? But of course not; it is early days. You will make a formal proposal, I suppose? What are your plans? Oh, here we are already!"

The fly was drawn up with a jerk at the lodge gates of Carno Court. Lord Hampshire opened the door and got out.

"I will not accompany you to the house," he said, with a laugh that was not steady or mirthful. "It is not far now; you will not be afraid to go the rest of the way by yourself, will you? I shall call and inquire for you to-morrow."

He gave the man the word to drive on before Lady Montrose had time to say anything, and then he stood for a moment staring after the retreating vehicle with a strained expression on his face, which looked very pale in the evening twilight.

"Why did she speak like that?" he said to himself hurriedly. His heart was beating quickly and he was conscious of a feeling of remorse. He felt, too, suddenly ashamed. It was as though some one had stopped him abruptly in his path and shown him what really lay before him.

It was not Lady Montrose's words alone that had brought this new sensation to him; it was the vivid remembrance of the girl about whom she spoke so warmly, the lovely, gentle, innocent face with such truthful eyes. It was the memory of the two days that had just passed, of a hundred little delicate touches that had revealed to him the secret that lay hidden as yet to her own heart—the memory of the gladness that had sprung into her face at sight of him again so soon and so unexpectedly, the knowledge of his power over her.

He had presented himself early in the afternoon of the day following that mid-

night walk homeward through the London streets. He had left town immediately after his breakfast, carrying with him the packet of books he had promised to send her as the best practical excuse for seeing her again so quickly.

He had found her under the trees, sitting as usual beside the invalid couch, on which was stretched the coverlet the old blind woman had knitted. She had been resting back in her chair, her face clouded with thought, when he first came upon her; but at sight of him her sadness vanished and her face became radiant.

"How kind you are—how very kind! But why did you take all this trouble?" she had said gently, but not very steadily, while he held her slender hand in his and explained the purport of his visit.

And they had sat and talked—of what he could hardly remember; time had gone so swiftly; so pleasantly. Sometimes they had been silent for a while, and sometimes he had sat and watched her as she bent over the feeble invalid, lavishing tender words upon the deaf ears and giving evidence of a love that thrilled the heart of the young man—that heart which he was trying now to destroy and harden as quickly as possible.

After a while he had gone back to the little inn in the village and had spent a long and rather a restless evening. He had tried to read, and the beauty of the summer night had tempted him to take a stroll before retiring; but he had been restless all the night through, and all through this second day also that was just drawing to a close. The restlessness ceased only when he was with her; in her presence he seemed to forget all the miserable thoughts, the venom, and the savage anger that troubled him when he was alone. She soothed him in an indescribable way; the very sound of her clear sweet voice seemed to bring peace to him. When she was speaking, he was content to sit perfectly still and let time and life with all its bitterness sweep on ahead. He could not analyse the feelings that took possession of him when he was with Jane. He was another being; strong as he was, it was almost as though this slender delicate young creature were stronger than he. Most assuredly the soul within her had an extraordinary influence over him, dispelling all his unworthy evil thoughts.

They had spent another long afternoon together under the trees. He experienced a vague delight in noting how much nearer he seemed to draw to her each hour they passed together. While he was with her, listening to her voice, drinking in the purity and freshness of her nature, Lord Hampshire seemed to forget for what purpose he had come down into the neighborhood of Carne Court, for what purpose he was now sitting under the shade of its ancient trees; his plans and schemes were forgotten; he was conscious only of an exquisite pleasure, of a sympathetic understanding, of a great comfort. It was only when he had left her that remembrance returned. The night before had been a long, restless, miserable one, but the one close at hand now threatened to be infinitely worse, for he had been awakened to the full sense of what he was doing.

"I hope you will be very good to her—she is only a child." Those had been Lady Montrose's words—the words of a worldly woman—words of sense and wisdom and caution, yet spoken with a touch of real feeling. "I hope you will be very good to her—she is only a child." He winced as he repeated the words, feeling as though some one had struck him a blow or had insulted him.

He was aroused suddenly as the lodge-keeper came out of his cottage and approached him.

"There is a path across the grounds of the village, is there not?" he asked hurriedly. He had been standing like a man in a dream, and he asked this question merely for the sake of saying something. "May I be allowed to return that way?"

The lodge-keeper touched his cap, recognizing the guest of the past two days.

"Certainly, my lord," he answered quickly; "it is a good cut, and your lordship will find it much pleasanter walking than round by the road. This path, my lord; and keep straight on; it brings you out just opposite to the 'Fox and Crown.' You can't go wrong, my lord."

The Earl thanked the man and turned in the direction given, a faint smile flickering about his lips.

"Can't go wrong," he repeated to himself. "Can't I, my friend? Seems to me I can do nothing else but go wrong nowadays. I used to be a decent sort of chap, but I am changed now. I wonder how I shall end! I suppose, if I turned out a murderer, Cynthia would never imagine she had had a hand in making me so vile. What an easy thing it is for a woman to change a man's whole nature! She has only to cast away from her honor and loyalty and truth, or, better still, to sell them for so many diamonds, and the trick is done. She slips a veil from your eyes, and then you see all and you know all, and all is false and bad and heartless! Yes, all, all!" He stopped in his hurried walk; he was in shadow-land now under the giant trees. All was dark and still and very peaceful; he was in Jane's home—in the gardens where her little life had been spent, where the story of her childhood had been woven. The thought of her fell like dew upon his bitter anger. "No—not all," he said softly, as he stood looking about him—"not all. This one is true, this one is good, her face is her history, her actions tell the quality of her heart. Poor child, she is too good to know what life means, and she is far too precious to be sacrificed to my revenge! I will not do it!" He walked onward for another few yards, and then stopped again. "I will leave her," he said to himself then, with deliberation. "I will go away; I will never see her again. She shall not be used simply to gratify my revenge, even though she and she only can; give me that full revenge. No, no—she is too good, and I am a cur to have thought of it. I will go away at once. There is no great harm done; Lady Montrose will say nothing to-night, and I can send a few words to silence her in the future. She will think I have reflected; no doubt she will applaud my decision. There are so many who would marry me, why must I choose this one girl? That is what she said to me. She will think I have only changed my mind." He sighed and, folding his arms, leaned against a tree. "And so I have changed it just in time to prevent a great wrong—a cruel wrong! To-morrow I will go away from here. I will never see her again."

He looked towards the house as he repeated this resolution. There was a break in the darkness close beside him, and he could see the lawn beyond and the clump of trees where he had sat that afternoon, and he felt a dull sensation of sorrow at his heart. He realised with sudden swiftness that it was no easy or pleasant task which he had set himself now. A great desire came to him to look upon her once again, to listen, to her voice and touch her little hand. Mingling with this desire was a yearning which was not quite comprehensible to him. He had the consolation, the satisfaction of knowing he had conquered a most unworthy motive; but in this moment he could find little comfort in that. All he remembered was that he had been about to wrong Jane, but that he had stopped in time, and that, to prevent any further possibility of mischief, he had resolved to put himself outside her life altogether.

"She will be sorry—she will miss me," he said to himself thoughtfully and sadly. "She likes me—she will miss me—but she will not forget in time." He found himself frowning unconsciously at this thought, and at once prepared to walk on briskly. In another few minutes he would be out of the grounds, out of the precincts of her life for ever. He looked through the trees towards the house.

"I hope you will be happy, my dear," he said, almost audibly. "You will never know the good you have done me. You will perhaps forget me, Jane, but I shall never forget you, for you have given me a gleam of light where all was darkness; you have shown me that there is good where I thought all was bad. No—I shall never forget you, though I may never see you again. Good night, my dear—good night—and good-bye!"

He stood watching the lights gleam out one by one from the windows, then glanced round once more, and was about to continue his way, when he started and suddenly stood still again. There was a rustling sound in the bushes about him, then a rough growl as his presence was discovered, then a succession of shrill barks, and then two dogs were leaping and jumping about him joyously. Before he had time to respond to their greeting or recover from his surprise, the sweet clear voice he had told himself he must never hear again fell upon his ears, and, turning swiftly to his left hand, he found himself face to face with Jane.

Miss Ludlowe was calling to her dogs, and she retreated nervously as she caught sight of a tall figure looming out of the darkness. She would have gone altogether if he had not spoken quickly.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Ludlowe; I am not a burglar. I——"

"Oh, it is you?" exclaimed Jane swiftly, in a tone of intense pleasure and relief. "I ought to have guessed it was a friend," she went on hurriedly, conscious of her intense pleasure, yet shyly eager that he should not notice it, "for Lord John told me so as plainly as he could speak. He never makes such a fuss except when he is very pleased. I have been taking them for a little walk; they begged so hard, poor dears, and they are so good! Summer—I mean my friend Mrs. Winter—is in my place for a few minutes, so I was able to give my doggies a little attention; they have been much neglected all these longs sad months. We were just going in. I—I am very pleased not to have missed you, Lord Hampshire," she concluded, with a pretty touch of shyness and sincerity.

"Not so pleased as I am," he observed very quietly.

He was conscious of no ulterior motive, of no other feeling at this moment save a delighted sense of gladness in being with her once again. He experienced a sudden vague longing to be shut off from everybody and everything to remain alone in this still summer twilight, the music of Jane's voice alone breaking the silence.

"I must tell you how and why I am here;" he said; and his voice sounded strange to his own ears. "But must you go in immediately? Can we not sit for a short while under those trees? The chairs are there still, I see."

"I can stay another five minutes," she said in her simple natural manner. "Daddy was asleep when I left, and he sometimes sleeps as long as an hour and a half at this time. Summer will watch him. I can trust her."

They left the dark shadows of the side-path and went across the lawn to where the chairs stood. The dogs followed close at their heels, content in having their beloved mistress to themselves, just as in the old days.

"Here is your favorite chair," she said, pushing it forward with a light laugh, in which her unconscious shyness was plainly revealed. "It is pleasant here—is it not? Why did you not come and sit in your chair, Lord Hampshire? You know you are always at home and most welcome."

"Thank you," he rejoined, bending forward as he sat down, for he wanted to see her face. He felt he could not gaze at her too much; it would be the last time that his eyes could rest upon her so calmly if he were to be true to himself and the resolution he had just made. He felt strangely weak in this moment—almost powerless, in fact, to carry out the task he had set himself. He began speaking quickly to disguise his agitation. "I escorted Lady Montrose from the station, and then determined to walk through the grounds back to the village," he said.

"Lady Montrose here?" exclaimed Jane, with a startled air. "Are—are you quite sure, Lord Hampshire? But forgive me—of course you must be. "I—I—— You have given me a great surprise! Her visit is quite unexpected."

He noted at once the difference in the tone of her voice, and realized how the slightest incident connected with Cynthia had the power to hurt her.

"You like Lady Montrose?" he queried softly and quickly. "She is a kind soul in reality, and she cares for you sincerely."

Jane gave a little sigh.

"I am sure she is kind, and I like her; there is something warm and motherly about her."

She said no more, but paused in a way that was eloquent to him.

"Will you let me ask you one question?" he said. "I do not know whether you will think me intrusive or impertinent, but I do not question from impertinence or curiosity, believe me."

"I will answer any questions you may ask me, Lord Hampshire. You could never be intrusive. You are my friend, remember."

The wealth of tenderness in the girl's voice thrilled him strangely, and it was not quite easy for him to speak steadily.

"Thank you," he rejoined, "thank you! I will remember that always. It will be the sweetest of all my memories." His eyes were fixed upon her beautiful face, but the darkness hid the rush of hot color that suddenly mantled her cheeks.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SARAH BERNHARDT includes an opossum amongst her pets. It is a comical little creature. She found it in Australia at the foot of a tree, where as a baby it had dropped from its mother's pouch. She has reared it successfully, and trained it to bring things at the word of command.

Bric-a-Brac.

A BIG SPIDER.—Ceylon has a spider which spins a yellow web, the threads of which are almost as large as buttonhole twist. Its webs are often from six to eight feet across.

THE WOMEN SUPREME.—Amongst the Garo nation, a people dwelling on a range of hills between the Brahmapootra and the Soorma Valleys, the women are supreme. They woo the men, they control the affairs of the home and the nation, property descends through them, and in everything they are dominant; but it is said they are the very ugliest women on the face of the earth.

THE TEA-PLANT.—A tea-plant is picked as the successive "flushes" occur. A "flush" of the plant is the throwing out of new shoots and leaves, the latter forming the tea of commerce. The average "flushing" period is from seven to nine months, and the intervals vary seven to fourteen days. The number of "flushes" ranges from eighteen where no manure is used to twenty-five in good soil.

SELLING LAND.—Anciently, in many parts of France, when a sale of land took place, it was the custom to have twelve adult witnesses accomplished by twelve little boys; and, when the price of the land was paid and its surrender took place, the ears of the boys were pulled and they were beaten severely, so that the pain thus inflicted should make an impression upon their memory, and, if required afterward, they might bear witness to the sale.

IN PERSIA.—The ordinary Persian bill of fare sounds something like the banquets described in fairy tales. While traveling in that country a correspondent found that the best overture to a wayside repast is a watermelon, not cut in slices as is done in this country, but eaten like an egg, one end being cut off and the contents eaten with a wooden spoon, the roseate fluid trickling all the time to the bottom and affording a fragrant drink when the first course is over.

SEALS.—Young seals do not know how to swim. They have to become gradually accustomed to the water, either by entering it to paddle about of themselves or by being carried into it in the mother's jaws. They have great fear of the waves that break into foam, and, as soon as they see one approaching, they take to flight in terror, and do not turn around until they have ascended to a very high place above the sea. At the end of fifty or sixty days they unite in small bands and form a school of natation.

NAMES GEOGRAPHICAL.—Siberia signifies "thirsty." Sicily is "the country of grapes." Caledonia means "a high hill." Asia signifies "in the middle," from the fact that ancient geographers thought it between Europe and Africa. Italy signifies "a country of pitch," from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Hibernia is "utmost," or "last habitation," for beyond this to the westward the Phœnicians never extended their voyages. Britain is "the country of tin," great quantities being found in it. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies either "white" or "high," from the whiteness of its cliffs or the high rocks on the western coast.

FLYING FISH.—Officers of the steamer Essex report a school of flying fish in the Rappahannock river, Virginia. Flying fish swim in shoals varying in number from a dozen to a hundred or more. They often leave the water at once, darting through the air in the same direction for 200 yards or more, and then descend to the water quickly, rising again, and then renewing their flight. Sometimes the dolphin may be seen in rapid pursuit, taking great leaps out of the water, and gaining upon its prey, which take shorter and shorter flights, vainly trying to escape, until they sink exhausted. Sometimes the larger sea birds catch flying fish in the air. The question whether the flying fish use their fins at all as wings is not fully decided. The power of flight is limited to the time the fins remain moist.

THE ORIGIN OF COAL.—A curious theory regarding the origin of coal has just been announced. Rock oil or petroleum is generally supposed to have resulted from the exposure of coal to the internal heat of the globe; in fact, to have been produced by Nature's process of distillation. The hypothesis just started involves a converse proposition—viz., that coal itself arises from the condensation of petroleum which first comes from the action of heat on plants. The pitch lake of Trinidad is referred to in support of this idea. Trees grow on the hardened pitch of this lake within a short distance of other pitch in a state of ebullition, and one can readily conceive of the hardened pitch in some cases being softened by an eruption of the boiling pitch, and of trees growing on it being thus engulfed. The theory is ingenious, but it does not explain all the facts, and is entirely irreconcilable with some of them. For example, it could not possibly explain the origin of coal-beds containing all the constituents of petroleum, and it would not account for the presence of large accumulations of pure carbon.

ONLY A FADED ROSE.

BY M. H.

Only a faded rose,
  Wither'd, and brown, and sere,
Treasured with miserly care
  Through many a vanish'd year!

Only a faded rose!
  A crush'd and scentless thing;
But I think how it bloom'd for me,
  In youth's delicious Spring.

And brighter bloom'd the hopes—
  That radiant Summer's morn,
That were wreathed in the rose's heart,
  Ere the perfumed bud had blown.

The rose lies wither'd and dead—
  And with it the joys I know,
No Spring shall awake the flower,
  Nor the faded past renew.

Only a faded rose!
  Treasured with miserly care—
Link'd with a sweet remembrance
  Of happy days that were!

"MY LADY BELLE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING," "THE LAST OF THE LATOUCHES," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY BELLE has not left the room more than ten minutes, and the company who have assembled in the drawing-rooms and the library are standing about in groups with that depressing sense of a speedy return to the realities of every-day life, and a not-know-what-to-do-with-the-rest-of-the day feeling which wedding-guests are apt to experience, when a groom is seen riding in hot haste up the avenue, and presently a servant enters with a note for Sir George Gardiner.

Sir George changes color as he reads it, and, meeting Lady Broderick's anxious eyes, makes her a sign, and they hurriedly leave the room together. A minute or two later the melancholy news passes from lip to lip that old Lady Gardiner has had a severe paralytic seizure, and Sir George's presence is urgently required, as, although speechless, the poor old lady is conscious, and is anxious for her son's presence at what the doctors say they fear is her death-bed.

"What shall I do?" Sir George cries in dismay. "My poor mother! And Lady Belle!"

"Leave that all to me, George," Lady Broderick says with calm superiority, not at all displeased that her power and importance are not at an end yet. "Lady Belle will be quite satisfied, I'm sure. I will explain everything."

"Break the news to her gently, Annabelle," he proceeds nervously, rather avoiding her ladyship's keen cold eyes; "she knows my poor mother—likes her—it will be such a shock to her, poor child, on her wedding-day! Had I not better see her myself?"

"If you doubt my ability to satisfy Lady Belle as to the urgency of your summons, or your propriety in hurrying to your mother's sick-bed, certainly, George," Lady Broderick replies with coldly smiling rebuke.

Sir George is too afraid of this woman's worldly ridicule and cold satire on his palpable tender anxiety for his young wife to press his wish farther. He charges her however to assure Lady Belle that, if his mother's condition be not imminently dangerous, he will return to Hastonmere in an hour or two. Then he mounts the horse that is waiting saddled for him, and rides away in hot haste, while Lady Broderick goes upstairs to break the news to Lady Belle.

Lady Belle is laughing and talking to a small circle of her bridesmaids. She is ready, dressed in her rich green silk and velvet traveling-dress, and is just balancing a beautiful green-velvet Gainsborough hat with drooping feathers on the rippling nut-brown hair.

"It is really enormous," she cries, laughing like a child trying on fine clothes—"my head is all on one side! I shall be obliged to make Sir George sit at the windy side of the carriage, or it may act like a parachute—no, I shall be the parachute, and the hat the balloon. And if a strong gale comes suddenly I shall be, like the little old woman in the song—

"'Gone to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky!'

and Sir George will be——"

"Belle dearest," Lady Broderick says in a very soft modulated tone, breaking in on the girl's gay chatter and her bridesmaids' laughter, "I want to speak to you, love, for a moment. Just give Fanchon your hat for an instant—I hope you are satisfied with it, love. I, for my part," her ladyship adds, with modest deprecation of herself as an arbiter of taste, "consider it simply perfect in shape and style."

And then, in the adjoining room, after this little interlude about the hat, she tells the girl-bride that her bridegroom has gone to his mother's sick-bed; that her wedding-trip is postponed; that separation, disappointment, sorrow, and perhaps death, have thus early asserted their part in her new life.

She is very affectionate, or appears to be, and tries to make the best of it to Lady Belle; but when the young bride receives the news, not with petulant tears or vexation or complaints, but with deadly pallor, with absolute silence, and with a curious stunned, dismayed manner, as she sits down quietly in a shadowy recess and locks her hands in each other and looks vacantly at the floor with that white set face and purple shadows coming under her eyes, Lady Broderick does not know what to make of it; and in consequence she feels puzzled and annoyed beyond measure.

"Belle, my dear! For Heaven's sake don't go on like this!" she says sharply, feeling as if she would like first to cry with vexation, and then to give Lady Belle a beating. "For mercy's sake don't let people begin to fancy there is some horrid contretemps, Belle! Do you hear me, my dear child?" "If you were my daughter I should box your ears," Lady Broderick says mentally. "You must sustain your position properly, dearest—you are Lady Gardiner now. Do not be missish and absurd, Belle, to be so upset by a slight mishap—it is nothing more. Very sorry for poor old Lady Gardiner! I do trust she will recover. It will be a horrid nuisance if you have to go into mourning—but it cannot be helped."

And so she goes on, urging Lady Belle to come downstairs again and speak to the guests, which she does, gracefully and calmly, to Lady Broderick's intense relief. She has not shed one tear; she appears unruffled and quiet, though subdued and very pale. But that is quite right and proper, Lady Broderick thinks with satisfaction. And so satisfied is she with Lady Belle's behavior that, by the time the guests have all gone, she is disposed to pity the forlorn young bride.

"This has quite upset you, Belle dearest," Lady Broderick says soothingly. "But Sir George may return in an hour more."

"I cannot see him—please tell him I cannot see any one this evening—I feel ill," Lady Belle answers quietly. "Please ask Sir George to excuse my coming down to see him."

"Very well, dear," Lady Broderick says, puzzled still, but finding some reason for this as she lays aside her rich stiff dress and comforts herself with the coziest of satin dressing-gowns and a cup of green tea in her own room. "It is really very hard for the girl, and especially when she is not marrying for love or any nonsense, but for pleasure and so forth, which she has a right to expect," she thinks drowsily, as she sinks into a delicious doze after the turmoil and anxieties of the day.

And Lady Belle, the poor, lonely, newly-wedded bride of a few hours, is in her own room, with every one shut out, lying face downwards on the pillows of her bed, smothering the sharp sobs and cries that come from her wounded heart.

"I thought he loved me—I thought he loved me dearly! To leave me without a word—to leave me to Lady Broderick to tell me the news! As if I were nothing but an ignorant, unfeeling child, incapable of sharing a trouble! To slight me, to show me he never dreamed I should be sorry or grieved, or want to comfort him! And I thought he loved me—I thought he loved me!"

And so the poor child, feeling heart-broken, despised, desolate, weeps herself almost blind in her bitter grief and disappointment through the hours of her luckless marriage-day.

CHAPTER VII.

ALL the wedding-guests have gone but Mrs. Millar and Marcia, her niece, and Jocelyn Broderick and old General Theobald, who are staying in the house. Later in the evening, when the purple twilight is over the woodlands, and the lawns and the distant reed-fringed Mere, and the heavy dew is falling, Mrs. Millar and the old General have a cosy tete-a-tete in the study; and Marcia Millar finds herself—not believing her blissful fortune, it is true—enjoying a long and confidential tete-a-tete with Jocelyn Broderick in one of the ample bay-windows of the deserted drawing-room.

The amber draperies and white lace curtains completely shut them in; the window with the view of the darkening woodlands, the deepening twilight, and the soft mistiness of the falling dew and Marcia feels as the Peri must have felt when she at length passed the gates of paradise.

For Jocelyn is tragical, confidential, and sentimental to a degree, and calls her "Marcia" and "my dear girl," which tokens of gracious condescension are due partly to low spirits after the morning's excitement and champagne, and partly to the pleasing fact his vanity speedily discovers that this poor, plain girl—much better-looking though, this evening, than he fancied—not at all bad if she were very well dressed—is evidently smitten with his charms, admires him immensely, sympathizes with him, and believes that Lady Belle has fatally wronged herself in yielding to the heartless scheme by which she sold herself "for gold." Both Jocelyn and Marcia have the same phrase.

"It seems such a cruel thing, you know, by Jove!" he says for the third time. "A pretty young creature like Lady Belle, and he old enough to be her father!"

"Yes, indeed," Marcia assents.

And then she is so anxious to continue and deepen the confidence between her and her idol that she betrays more of what she knows, though her conscience stings her for unfaithful dealing.

"I am afraid she will not be happy, poor Lady Belle!" she says lugubriously.

"I was almost going to say she doesn't deserve to be any happier than she is," returns Jocelyn spitefully—"but I will not, poor girl! She will have trouble enough."

"She is beginning with trouble," Marcia continues in a low tone. "She began this day crying bitterly, and see how she is ending it."

"She was crying bitterly this morning," asks Jocelyn eagerly—"before the ceremony?"

"Yes, in Lady Broderick's dressing-room," says Marcia. "She said she felt so miserably, poor thing! Poor Lady Belle! 'I am so desolate,' she said; and then she said"—Marcia adds this a little reluctantly, but Jocelyn is waiting to catch every word—"I feel as miserable as if I were going into penal servitude for life!' Was that dreadful! I felt my blood run cold to hear her!"

Some one else is listening to the gossiping girl's every word, with more breathless attention than Jocelyn Broderick; some one else, standing in the tenantless drawing-room near the bay-window, feels his blood grow chill with an unutterable despair as he hears them discuss the miserable outcry against her fate which his young bride's lips have spoken—the fate which he has wrought for her life, the friendless orphan girl, for whose happiness he would have laid down his life.

"What else did she say?" asks Jocelyn, hungering for more news, which is a most precious salve to his wounded vanity. "Well, poor girl, she made her choice! It was love or gold—eh, Marcia?"

"Ah, yes!" sighs Marcia sentimentally. "I thought when you met her—you know, the evening before the wedding, at our house—I thought even then she would change her mind. Ah, poor Lady Belle! You must try and forgive her, dear Mr. Broderick!"

"Oh, I have quite forgiven her, Marcia!" Jocelyn says with princely magnanimity. "I only fear there is little happiness in store for her in this marriage she made for herself. Did she say any more?"

"No, she only cried. And Lady Broderick scolded her for making her eyes red," continues Marcia. "And she said she didn't care—that she hated the sight of her dresses and the breakfast and everything."

The unseen listener leaves the room as quietly as he has entered it, and seeks his cousin Lady Broderick.

"My dear George," she exclaims, "I am so glad to see you back! And how is——"

"My mother is in the same state, and I must return to the Abbey at once," Sir George answers very quietly.

"George, she is not dying? It is not quite hopeless, is it?" Lady Broderick asks nervously. "You speak so strangely, and you look so ill!"

"No, not dying, the doctors say—I merely rode over to tell you and Lady Belle. She is well, I hope—not distressed or worried?"

He says all this like a man striving to express himself correctly, and avoids his cousin's keen eyes.

"She seemed very much shocked, of course, at first," Lady Broderick replies, "but very soon regained command of herself. She behaved beautifully, you will be pleased to know, George."

He answers nothing.

"I will send up at once and tell her you are here," Lady Broderick goes on, with her hand on the bell.

"No, please do not!" he says sharply and decisively. "There is no use—no use in worrying her. I shall be off in a minute. Give her my regards——"

"Hardly!" Lady Broderick laughs, with a look of amusement, for which he hates her.

"I mean, give her my love," Sir George returns quietly; "and say I shall ride over from the Abbey to-morrow—early."

"Very well. But she will feel rather aggrieved," Lady Broderick remarks, arching her brows. Sir George threatens to puzzle her now far worse than Lady Belle. His sudden strange coldness is more inexplicable than her strange dismay at the news of his sudden departure.

"It is useless disturbing her. I would rather not disturb her, poor child!" he says in a hurried, rather agitated manner. "You will please say all that is kind for me, Annabelle?"

"Certainly, George dear!" her ladyship replies graciously.

And so he goes away again; and no voice whispers to his grief-stricken soul to seek Lady Belle where she is weeping, alone with her bitter grief, bitter and deep almost as his. This man's heart is aching with an agony of pain and despair because she loves him not, because her marriage with him means her misery; while she moans aloud that he loves her not, that her marriage with him brings no joy or solace to his life.

Sir George does not go to Hastonmere the next day, for, contrary to the physicians' assurances, the hours of poor old Lady Gardiner's life are numbered, and the sands of life are fast running down.

Before the summer twilight steals over the broad lands of Woolston Abbey she has passed away, and the blinds are all drawn in the house of death, and in Hastonmere as well. Sir George rides over to Hastonmere once before the funeral; and in their fresh mourning robes the bride and bridegroom meet.

"Was it necessary for you to put on this?" he asks, touching the crape-trimmed dress with something like a shudder. "It is so terrible, poor child, for you!" He has only taken her hand, almost in silence, and coldly touched her forehead with his lips. His manner is constrained, and he looks ill and gloomy, while Lady Belle grows chill and repellent; and, after a few aimless words and a mockery of an interview, they separate with scarcely a word of farewell. And Lady Belle does not see her husband again.

The day after the funeral she receives a letter, and Lady Broderick another, which brings the latter almost to the verge of hysterics from vexation, amazement, and chagrin.

Sir George has briefly informed her that, having acceded to the wish of Lord Hastonmere, and by the ceremony of marriage legally constituted Lady Belle his wife, with an income secured to her under her marriage settlement of two thousand a year—to which he would presently add a further allowance of a thousand a year, and a suitable sum to his steward to keep up Woolston Abbey in case Lady Belle chose to reside there—he has done all that honor and friendship to his late friend Lord Hastonmere and his regard and solicitude for the welfare of Lord Hastonmere's daughter, Lady Belle, have dictated. He will reside in London for the present, he concludes; and any communication from Lady Broderick or from Lady Belle will receive his immediate attention.

Sir George's letter to Lady Belle is in the same strain, only most courteously and carefully worded. But the gist and meaning are the same. Lady Belle has been made Lady Gardiner by the laws of Church and State. She is to live at Woolston Abbey, if she please, or elsewhere. Sir George assures her she need have no hesitation in choosing a residence where she likes. She will have a handsome house, three thousand a year, and her liberty.

The girl does not meet Lady Belle for an hour after she receives the letter. When she does her mind is quite made up, and there is a cold smile on the white set face.

"I shall go back to Brittany," she says; and two days later she returns to Brittany, taking her old nurse with her and some luggage, leaving Woolston Abbey, her splendid trousseau, her di monds, and Sir George Gardiner's wealth behind her.

Lady Broderick has tried in vain to stop her. A spirit she has not dreamed of—the haughty, wilful Carnegie spirit—awakes

in the girl who was so lately gay and light-hearted and easily persuaded. She sets Lady Broderick calmly at defiance, and goes away. And when Lady Broderick in despair actually telegraphs and writes to Sir George, her letter remains unanswered; and she hears that only that very morning has Sir George started for a tour in Norway and Sweden.

A terrible suspicion haunts Marcia Millar, that her inconsiderate confidences to Jocelyn Broderick may have somehow worked some deadly mischief, and that, as with other mischief-makers, the trouble will rebound upon her own head. What if she parted Sir George from Lady Belle only to give Jocelyn one more chance of winning her heart? There is madness in the thought, and there is besides a good deal of natural wholesome womanly sorrow and remorse at her own jealous words and her own—it may be fatal—folly.

For only to her—to simple, kindly, good-natured Marcia, who has a heart free from love or love's curse, jealousy—so Lady Belle thinks—does she betray a little of her real feeling.

"Marcia, I do not think any one was ever as unhappy and desolate as I am," she says; and the gentle voice trembles a little. "I thought, Marcia, when I was married I should be very happy. I was so sorry to think that my poor father or poor mamma was not living to see me and share my happiness." Her voice is in a whisper. "I am glad they are dead now, Marcia. I am glad there is no one to be very sorry for me, though I feel so desolate."

"I am sorry for you, dear Lady Belle!" Marcia cries, with ready tears, her alarm deepening as she remembers the words she spoke to Jocelyn. Has he been base and false, and told Sir George—or told somebody? And in vague distress Marcia cries still more.

"And why have you not gone away with Sir George, dear Lady Belle?" she asks half fearfully. "Was there any—— I mean—of course, you have never quarreled. But I—we all thought you would go away with him and see Paris, Vienna, and Switzerland, and all those beautiful places."

"Sir George thought it was better not," Lady Belle answers in a subdued heavy tone. "He is right, I suppose. He is good and sensible and kind. I am too young to be a companion for him yet, Marcia, you see; and so he is gone. He does not think I shall be lonely, perhaps." Then she lays her head on the table—poor little desolate widowed bride!—and bursts into bitter weeping like a heart-broken child.

"Perhaps," she says, after a pause, wiping away her tears, "by-and-by, when I am older, better-looking, and accomplished, I shall go and live with him." Her color rises; almost the light of a smile is in her dewy dark eyes. "Do not ever repeat my words, dear Marcia. I trust you. But some day you may see Sir George and me living at Woolston Abbey, and very happy, so I will try not to grieve so much now."

Marcia goes home smitten to the heart with self-reproach, and bewildered beyond measure by the revelation that has begun to dawn on her unbelieving senses, that Lady Belle loves her husband, Sir George Gardiner.

CHAPTER VIII.

AND so, in spite of Lady Broderick's most strenuous efforts, a contretemps worse than her worst apprehensions was the finale of the brilliant wedding from which she expected so much reflected glory. People were talking, and would continue to talk, and laughed in their sleeves, and almost in her face, when she tried to explain away smoothly the whole story of the bridegroom's sudden departure for Norway and the forsaken young bride's intended residence in Brittany. It was an absurd, unequal, ill-fated marriage, people said; and even Lady Broderick, though she tried, could hardly declare it was not ill-fated.

Poor Marcia Millar bewails day and night for the ill-fate it has brought on her! She loves Jocelyn now more deeply and madly for the brief fallacious gleam of hope which shone on her, and now she has lost Jocelyn entirely. For Hastonmere will be shut up or let to a distant member of the Carnegie family, Lady Broderick only occupying it during her brief guardianship of Lady Belle, and the present Earl of Hastonmere is a boy only ten years old. Strangers will live at Hastonmere when Lady Broderick has gone, as she purposes doing without delay. Lady Belle has gone, and Jocelyn Broderick has gone, and Marcia's sun of happiness has set for ever. It is little comfort to her to know that her aunt, Mrs. Millar, purposes going to Baden and Kissingen and elsewhere in the wake of Lady Broderick, whose friendship and goodwill she loses no opportunity of cultivating. Marcia cannot go to any of these fashionable Continental places, and the fashionable home-resorts of Brighton, Scarborough, Buxton, Matlock, or Leamington are equally beyond the reach of a penniless nobody.

So Marcia sees them all depart, and she looks up all her small finery in a box separately from the rest of her clothes—she may not, for a year to come, have a chance of wearing a square-cut bodice and lace frills again; and she goes back to her dreary meagre home-life, and is left to vain regrets and vainer longings and sentimental morbid grief and hours of dark despair.

And while she thus broods over the inner world of her thoughts, which is all she cares for in the life that surrounds her, her father broods over the inner world of his thoughts, which is all he cares for—the world of good bargains, large dividends, and high rates of interest, and schemes and plans for becoming a large landed proprietor, which is the dream of his life. He has been adding farm to farm, field to field, and house to house, stealthily and unostentatiously all these years; so that, even in the country town, where every one's business is known and discussed, few people can really form a near estimate of what Ridgeway Millar must be worth.

"I suppose this will go on and on until I die!" Marcia mutters despairingly, sitting down wearily by the kitchen window when her day's work is done, to refresh herself by a view of the wet farmyard, the dripping eaves, and the duck puddle into which the rain is plashing. The pouring wet August evening is gloomy and oppressive, and Marcia feels life altogether an unendurable thing just now.

Her father comes in presently, dripping wet and muddy, for he has been standing for hours watching the men digging out the new potatoes, and he complains of feeling chilled and of having pains in his bones, which Marcia does not need farther than to wonder crossly what he is going to set her to do next. She knows by his manner that he is cogitating over something of the kind, as he always does if she chances to sit idle for five minutes.

"I wish you'd make me a basin of gruel and get me a foot-bath before I go to bed, Marcia," he observes presently. "I have got a regular cold in my bones."

"I thought so!" But Marcia makes the gruel and heats the water, and takes them up to her father's room.

"That'll do," he says shortly, when she tells him. Mr. Millar wastes no words in superfluous politeness. "Oh dear me, I forgot, to be sure! Here's a letter for you. I don't know who it's from," he continues, in a rather aggrieved tone.

"It is from aunt Jane," Marcia says, in some surprise.

"Tut, tut!" Mr. Millar remarks contemptuously. "I didn't know, I'm sure, with that fanciful paper and the colored figures there"—this is the crimson monogram—"like some fool of a girl, to be sure! Well? What has she to say for herself?"

"Not very much. She is in Germany though, at the waters," Marcia explains, and goes on reading bits of the letter rather incoherently, for she sees Jocelyn Broderick's name mentioned, and is longing to be alone.

Presently, when her father, with an impatient grunt, refuses to listen to any more and stalks out of the room, she reads that Lady Broderick is there, and "so kind and sweet," writes Mrs. Millar; then there follows a minute account of the gaieties and enjoyments which Mrs. Millar and "dear Lady Annabelle" are sharing together; and "sometimes Mr. Jocelyn escorts us," she says—"such a charming gentlemanly young man as he is; and I must tell you he desired me to remember him to you when I wrote, and to give his kind regards."

And this is the letter her cruel father has kept from her for hours through careless forgetfulness! Marcia goes to bed and lies sleepless half through the night, a prey to fierce torments.

Mr. Millar's cold has not passed away with the simple remedies of gruel and a foot bath; he complains still more the next morning of pains and soreness at his chest; and, after pottering about in the damp farmyard for an hour or two, he is compelled to give up and go indoors and doze by the kitchen-fire. Marcia asks him if she shall go into Hedgely and get something from the druggist for him; but he will not hear of it. She can make him up some stuff with honey and vinegar for his throat, and he will try that. But he is so much worse by bed-time that he is fain to promise that if he is not better she shall go to Hedgely in the morning, but on no account to bring a doctor—only a bottle of medicine.

"Father, do let me go to-night; there is a train leaves Hedgely at eleven. I can be home a few minutes after eleven," urges Marcia; for there is something in the pinched pallid face that rather frightens her.

But he positively and angrily forbids her; and, when she goes the next morning, it is too late, for he is so very ill that he can hardly breathe. And, though he tries to gasp out a denial to his daughter that he is so ill as to require a doctor, he suddenly yields, and bids her send the man who is at work in the farmyard.

"Inflammation of the lungs," is the doctor's verdict, though the poor gray-haired mortal who has hugged the world so closely refuses to believe it, refuses to believe that "a bit of wetting" can have brought him to this awful pass, where he stands between the two worlds, and sees the one he has lived for, and treasured and spent all his days and all strength for, slipping away from him like a dream.

Marcia also refuses to believe it. She cannot realize that her stern father, the master of the house, whose tyrannical will has been law, should lie there helpless and die! It is incredible, terrible; and, as she writes the news to her aunt, she wets the letter with her tears.

But it is not only the chill from the wet earth and the pouring rain which has wrought this illness, but previous bodily neglect and hardship, and coarse, poor food, unfit for a man far advanced in life. He has generally had a cough and a "bad chest," and thought nothing of it. It was not worth consideration beside the least scheme for making or saving money.

He refuses, as Marcia does, to realize or believe that he can be dying—refuses until the last, until he lets Marcia bring the parish clergyman to him when his sight and speech are failing.

* * * * * *

The next letter Marcia sends to her aunt is black-bordered, and the news it contains brings Mrs. Millar home on the wings of haste as fast as steamers and express trains can bring her. Marcia never before knew how much attached to her was her good aunt, who takes the place of a mother to her, and orders and arranges everything. Then, when the funeral is over, she keeps Marcia's hand in hers, and her handkerchief to her eyes with the other hand, whilst the will is being read in the dingy parlor, where, however, a fine fire burns cheerily now, and wine and a rich cake in a silver basket stand on the table.

Marcia inherits all her father's property, which is most carefully described, and for the preservation of which there are the strictest regulations in the lengthy will. Marcia is an heiress, with three trustees to guard carefully against any infringement of the rules and regulations by her or her possible future husband. She is the heiress to all poor Ridgeway Millar's land and houses and investments, producing an income, besides their actual worth, of some eight or nine hundred a year.

It is bewildering wealth to Marcia, who thenceforward steps into a new existence, an existence in which she finds herself an indulged, cherished guest in her aunt's house; an existence wherein handsome clothes, jewelry, and presents and compliments are things of every-day use and occurrence; an existence in which the poor old miserly unloving father is soon forgotten, and only his hoarded, close-kept wealth remembered; an existence in which the old wretched drudging life in the dreary farmhouse fades away like an unpleasant vision. And, like a glorious star rising above the horizon of a cloudless sky, comes into Marcia's new existence an admirer, a wooer—Jocelyn Broderick.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DINNER-HOUR.—In the fourteenth century the King of France dined at eight A. M., and retired to rest at eight P. M. In the time of Philip the Good an old verse said, "Rise at five, dine at nine, sup at five, go to bed at nine, and thou shalt live to be ninety-and-nine." In the reigns of Henry V. and Louis XIV. the dinner-hour was eleven A. M. Louis XV. changed the dinner-hour to two o'clock. Three o'clock remained the usual dinner-hour in France up to the time of the Revolution, after which six o'clock became the fashionable time. In England the upper class breakfasted at seven in the reign of Henry VIII., and dined at ten A. M. In Elizabeth's reign the dinner-hour was eleven A. M., and supper was served about five o'clock. In Germany the fashionable hour for dinner up to the time of the French Revolution was twelve o'clock; afterwards it was fixed at one o'clock.

HOW IT WAS MANAGED.—In her younger days Madame Recamier prided herself on her harp playing. This was a favorite accompaniment in the early part of this century, for it gave ladies an opportunity of displaying their arms, and Madame Recamier had a lovely arm. Many years after she had given up music, a diligent frequenter of her salon expressed a wish to hear her once more. All the company present joined in the request, which she, however, persistently declined until Chateaubriand was persuaded to lend his support. The hostess was then compelled to yield.

"You shall hear me," she said, "but not see me, for people at my age do not care to make an exhibition of themselves. I shall play behind a curtain, and you will give me your promise not to look during the performance."

On the day appointed a large party was assembled; a curtain concealed one of the corners of the room; two servants placed the harp on a raised platform, drew the curtain, and took up a position on each side of it to keep off intruders if necessary. Madame Recamier was then heard to enter the enclosed space, move the chairs, and put down her bracelets.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" she exclaimed; and when the applause that greeted her had died away the music began.

The audience marvelled exceedingly, for they were listening to the performance, not of an amateur, but of an accomplished executant, in whose hands the greatest difficulties were mastered with ease, and whose playing reminded them of Godefroy, the great harpist of the day. After a while, she drew back the curtain a little way to enjoy the applause and congratulations of the company, who, however, persisted in crying "Encore!" so that she had to play another set of pieces. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

Chateaubriand, who knew nothing of music, said to her.

"You have never played so well, madam!"

Condere, the painter, left the salon immediately after the concert, as he had an engagement elsewhere. As he was putting on his cloak, the door leading to the back stairs opened, a man walked out carrying a harp, followed by another, who, on seeing Condere, quickly muffled his face. But Condere had recognized him, and said:

"How are you my dear Godefroy?"

"Give me your word of honor," was the reply, "that you will keep my secret."

"I gave it," Condere said, when afterwards relating the story to Jules Simon, "and have kept it till this evening."

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—How a young coquette "dealt," "shuffled," and played out her little game of love is thus poetically done up:—Miss Lancet was a gay coquette, who dwelt in rural parts; her wit and beauty won for her the title, "Queen of Hearts." Of every sighing swain that knelt she only made a butt; and countless were the gallant youths she cruelly had "cut." Among the gents professional the very "deuce" she played, and many victims of her "tricks" were covered with a "spade." To grace the sepulchre she sent young Doctor Gentian Root, and three attorneys, two divines, had likewise "followed suit." A hopeless love curtailed their lives; so, blaming heartless maids, they "shuffled off this mortal coil," and sought the peaceful shades. But conquests cease, like all things else, vain victors lose their power, the daring Queen of Hearts was "trumped" by Captain Barney "Bower." 'Twas Summer time, when blazing suns all things beneath them parch, the Captain with his warlike troop through Wagtown "made a march." Against this mighty son of Mars her breast she could not steel—right skilfully she worked the game, but Barney had the "deal." The coffers of the rich papa bold Barney had in view; so played not for the maid alone, but gold and diamonds too. But rich papa put Captain's nasal organ out of joint, and did with "club" toward the door significantly point. Henchforth the haughty queen was doomed to drink of sorrow's cup; her lover from the town did "cut" and never more "turned up." A lone, heart-broken, "shuffling" dame, she pined from day to day, a warning to all giddy flirts, and then she "passed" away.

GERMAN TOBACCONIST'S JOKE.—The following "Fraud Upon an Insurance Company," which we find in a German paper is certainly just a little too good to be true. A cunning fellow, who wanted to smoke the best cigars at the cheapest possible cost, bought 1000 cigars of the highest quality and corresponding price, and immediately insured the whole stock. When he had smoked the last of them, he demanded 750 marks from the insurance company on the ground that the whole of his insured stock, ten boxes of cigars, had been consumed by fire! The Solomonic court decided in favor of the plaintiff. The company then brought an action of conspiracy against the smoker, accusing him of having intentionally put fire to his own cigars, and deliberately destroyed his property. Hereupon the same wise court condemned the insured smoker to three months' imprisonment.

REUBEN.—"If I were a dog I'd rather be a black one than a white one." Mamma—"Why, Reuben?" Reuben—"Because then I wouldn't have to be given a bath so often."

FATE.

BY F. A. D.

I see two ships upon the sea—
The one sails merrily and free,
The other pitches heavily;
The one for you, and the other for me.

I see two paths start from one sign—
On one the brightest sunbeams shine,
The other steals beneath the pine;
The one is yours, the other mine.

The ship that sail'd so merrily
Struck on a rock below the sea,
And down to the bottom went she;
The other through storm and tempest past,
And favoring breezes carried her fast
Till she gain'd the longed-for port at last—
The heaven where she would be.

The path that seem'd so bright and fair
Led to an angry lion's lair,
And I saw a silent body there;
The road beneath the pine-wood's shade
Pass'd downward to a sunny glade,
Whose golden sunbeams never fade,
Nor comes a dream of care.

"THE BLACK POND."

BY S. U. W.

CHAPTER I.

MISS GARTH, of Boraston Hall, was six-and-twenty years of age.

People had almost given up wondering why a woman, young, handsome, rich, and so entirely her own mistress, had not given Boraston Hall a master long ago. Only Jocelyn Garth herself could have told why she remained unmarried, but she was silent on the subject, and she was not a woman whom the impertinent dared question.

In person she was tall and very fair. Her figure was graceful and delicately rounded. Her eyes were very still, and gray, and tranquil, like the waters of a lake; and they were surmounted by eyebrows that were almost black, and fringed with deep lashes that lay dark against her delicate cheek.

She had no companion and no chaperon to keep her company in the old Hall in which she dwelt. She depended entirely for society on a small slip of a golden-haired child whom she had adopted years ago. The little girl, a perfect fairy in grace and prettiness, was the daughter of a cousin who had died abroad, and who had sent home the orphan to the tender care of Jocelyn Garth.

But although she cared for no other companionship but that of the child, she was by no means a hermit. She went to dances and dinners, and gave dances and dinners in return. None could call her unsociable, but many deemed her quiet and uninteresting. People sought eagerly for invitations to Boraston Hall nevertheless.

Miss Garth was well known to be exclusive to fastidiousness, and to be asked to one of her dinners or balls stamped one with an aristocratic stamp at once.

Jocelyn was considered in all respects to be a most fortunate woman. She had a positively princely income, the most unexceptionable relations, and a charming old house to live in. Jocelyn kept up the old place in magnificent style. There were antique treasures in some of the rooms that money could not buy.

Every Christmas Jocelyn had a large house-party to which she invited her most intimate friends and relations. The intimate friends were few, and the unexceptionable relations were many. Jocelyn made a perfect hostess, and was equally gracious to all. She was never known to make a confidence. Her relations called her "unsympathetic." Their aristocratic breeding would not allow them to go further than that.

The time was drawing near for Jocelyn to assemble her house-party. She sat in her luxurious boudoir writing the usual notes to the usual people, with a troubled expression in her eyes that sometimes crept into them when she was alone.

There would be no refusals, she knew that; and the house-party would be almost precisely similar to every other house-party that she had given ever since she came of age. There would be her aunt, together with a couple of Carstairs men and a couple of Carstairs girls. There would be four or five cousins of different sexes—more distant and a good deal poorer than the Carstairs cousins. There would be half-a-dozen people from lonely country houses thirty or forty miles away—and there would be Godfrey Wharton and his sister.

It was when writing her note to the last-named that the troubled look had stolen into Jocelyn Garth's eyes. They were the only people she really cared about amongst the many she had asked. They were also the only people she feared to see.

Jocelyn Garth was not a vain woman, but she had seen that in Godfrey Wharton's eyes once or twice that was absolutely unmistakeable. She knew, just as well as if she had spoken the words, that he loved her. She had warded off, as women know how to ward off, an absolute declaration on his part. But the time was coming when she knew she could keep him at a distance no longer.

Five years ago, gossip had linked their names together. When Jocelyn attained her majority and entered into possession of vast estates, it was whispered that Miss Garth and the young Squire of Gratton Park would "make it up together." But as time went on and there was no sign of anything between the young people but friendship, gossip died away for lack of nourishment. It was undeniable that they would have made a fine couple.

The house-party began on the twenty-fourth of December and lasted over the New Year. Lady Carstairs, with two blooming daughters and two stalwart sons, was the first to arrive.

"Well, Jocelyn," she said, as she kissed her niece's cheek, "here we all are again as usual. Nothing has happened, I suppose? No exciting news to tell me?"

Lady Carstairs asked the same question each year, as a delicate insinuation to Jocelyn that it was high time she got engaged. Lady Carstairs hardly thought it was the thing for a young woman in Jocelyn's position to remain unmarried.

"I should have been very humiliated," she once remarked, "if I had reached the age of twenty-six without even being engaged. I had not a fiftieth part of Jocelyn's money, and I don't think I was so handsome. But I had 'go,' which Jocelyn has not, and it always takes with men."

She was piloted upstairs and shown her rooms by Jocelyn herself. There was a good deal of bustle and flying about as soon as she set foot in the house. For a week quiet old Boraston Hall would hardly know itself. Its dignified repose was only disturbed by such a flippant invasion once a year.

Lady Carstairs was languidly explaining why she had only brought one maid.

"At the last moment—the very last moment, my dear," she said, sinking into an arm-chair and loosening her wraps, "the girls' maid gave notice. Such impertinence! And all because I had forgotten that I had promised to let her go home at this particular time. As if this were not holiday enough! However, she is gone home for good now, and I am sure I hope she'll like it. But what are my poor girls to do, Jocelyn?"

"I will lend them Parker," said Jocelyn, smiling. "I hardly ever need her. She finds her life quite dull, and will be charmed to have the charge of two fashionable young ladies."

"So good of you," murmured Lady Carstairs, dismissing the subject comfortably at once. "I think I should like my tea up here, Jocelyn, please. I am quite worn out."

Jocelyn left the room to give her orders, and in a little while was joined by her two cousins. It was wonderful how short a time they had taken to get into elaborate tea-gowns and have their hair curled.

Jocelyn was sitting before a large log fire in the big hall. The rich oak paneling, covered with rare old china and flashing swords, gleamed, softly sombre, in the ruddy firelight. Jocelyn herself, in her white woollen gown with the silver belt, looked particularly fair and handsome against her dark surroundings.

"Tell us all about the people you have got," said Lucy Carstairs, as soon as she was comfortably settled with a cup of tea in her hand. "Is there anybody fresh?"

"I am afraid not," Jocelyn answered smiling. "It is the same old set, Lucy."

"No new one at all?"

"Not one. We are slow at growing new aborigines, you know. But I can promise you a few exciting young men at the ball. I asked Lady Ellis to bring any one she chose, and she always has a train of eligibles on hand."

"Really, Jocelyn," said Rose Carstairs, "you sometimes talk as if you were a hundred, and quite past all the things that other people care about. You stand outside them, as it were."

Jocelyn did not answer. She had turned to meet Harry and Edgar, who were lounging down the stairs in velvet smoking-coats.

An hour later and the house was full. There was a great rushing about in the corridors, and calling for maids, and demanding hot water. A great laughing and questioning as to the rooms which they were to have. Merry congratulations that they had met again. A mingling of feminine voices and deep basses; a general frolicsomeness and bustle. The old house had wakened up.

Jocelyn Garth stood in the great hall, greeting with a smile on her lips the last arrival—Godfrey Wharton.

"You are late!" she said.

"I am so sorry, but I couldn't manage to come over with Kitty. You dine at eight, don't you?"

"Yes; and it is only twenty minutes to, now! We must hurry."

She mounted the stairs lightly and left him standing there with words of unspoken admiration on his lips. She always avoided being alone with him for even five minutes together. He bit his lip as he recognized that the old will-o'-the-wisp chase was to begin once more.

"But this time she shall give me an answer," he said to himself, as he followed her slowly up the stairs.

Dinner was a very merry affair that night. So many of the guests had not met since this time last year. There was so much to talk over; so many "do you remembers?" interspersed with glances more or less tender; so many promising flirtations taken up again at the point at which they had been broken off twelve months ago.

Jocelyn sat at the head of the table in white and diamonds. Lady Carstairs sat at Jocelyn's left hand, and made comments on the guests in a confidential tone.

"Nobody fresh, I see, Jocelyn? Is everybody really here?"

"Every single soul, aunt. I wish I could have collected a few new people, but there were none to collect."

"Hum—ha!" said Lady Carstairs, with her eyeglass to her eye. "Daisy Carruthers seems to have gone off a good deal since last year. I was rather afraid Edgar would take to her. No money, I believe?"

"No money; only birth, Aunt Grace," said Jocelyn in her quiet voice.

Lady Carstairs shot a quick glance at her niece. She had an idea that sometimes Jocelyn was a little sarcastic, and she did not like sarcastic women.

"Birth is all very well," she replied with dignity; "but money is absolutely necessary, nowadays. Young Wharton has grown very coarse-looking," she added, returning to her scrutiny of the guests.

She had a fancy that Jocelyn and Godfrey Wharton liked each other more than was wise. She wanted Jocelyn to marry her own son Edgar.

"Has he?" said Jocelyn, with her most imperturbable expression. "I had not observed it."

"You are so used to him, my dear. I have not seen him for a year."

Jocelyn let the subject drop. She never argued and waxed hot in discussion—which was perhaps one of the reasons why she was deemed unsympathetic.

"Those Bletherton girls dress worse than ever," said Lady Carstairs, going on with her survey. "Couldn't you hint to the fat one, Jocelyn, that magenta velvet looks awful against that yellow skin of hers? Any one can see she has been in India."

"Perhaps she doesn't know she has a yellow skin. It would be a pity to enlighten her."

"Well, well—dear me, Jocelyn, how aged Colonel Tredarth is! Poor old man! It is quite pitiable to see him."

"He has only left off dyeing his hair, aunt. That is really the only difference."

"My dear, how cynical you are! I should not like to say that about one of my relations," said Carstairs with virtuous indignation, and a consciousness that her own hair was not entirely innocent of liquid assistance. "I believe the poor creature's hair has grown white from grief. He never recovered his son's going off in that extraordinary way."

"That was ten years ago."

"Sorrow tells slowly on some people," said Lady Carstairs with a sigh. "It was years before I realized what a blow poor John's death was to me."

"John" was her husband.

Jocelyn was silent again. She had none of the fluent stock remarks people usually utter on such occasions. She now turned her attention to her right-hand neighbor—an elderly bachelor, also a cousin, who had taken her in to dinner.

"I hope you have not forgotten how to skate, Cousin Arthur?" she remarked. "We are going to have all sorts of festivities on the ice, and I shall need you to look after me."

"You ought to have a younger man to look after you," said the lean cousin. "I expect I shall be quite out of t' e running. You forget that I am a fossil, Jocelyn."

Perhaps she did not forget this fact oftener than he did himself. At fifty-five he still considered himself a gay young boy.

"And there is the ball, too," continued Jocelyn, "and a dinner-party, and my New Year's Eve ghostly seance. I shall expect you to be at the front in everything."

"I will obey any commands from lips so fair," said the elderly cousin, with clumsy gallantry.

Jocelyn gave the signal to rise at that moment, and the ladies swept from the room, the magenta velvet in close juxtaposition to an exquisite yellow gown from Worth. Lady Carstairs declared afterwards that it made her very bones ache to look at them.

There was playing and singing after dinner, and by-and-by, when the men came in, a good deal of mild flirtation. Lady Carstairs drew Jocelyn's attention to the fact that her cousin Edgar was the finest man in the room.

Miss Garth gave a glance in the direction of the six feet of masculine beauty which was now engaged in absently gazing at its patent-leather toes.

"Very good-looking," she said briefly.

"He is considered the handsomest man about town," said Lady Carstairs, a little ruffled at Jocelyn's indifference.

"Is he? That is very nice."

Jocelyn spoke as though she were thinking of something else. Lady Carstairs asked her sharply what she was watching the door like that for?

She colored a little for the first time.

"I was wondering why Aveline did not come in. I told her she might stop up to see you all. Ha, here she is!"

The door opened and a dainty little figure, all white muslin and blue ribbons and golden hair, came in. She went straight to Jocelyn and nestled up to her. Miss Garth kissed the little face with a depth, almost a passion, of tenderness.

"You are as fond of that child as ever," remarked Lady Carstairs disapprovingly, as she gave a cold peck at the rose-flushed cheeks. "And spoil her more, no doubt. She should never have been allowed to sit up till this time."

Lady Carstairs grunted—if such a plebeian expression may be used of such an aristocratic personage.

"You will repent pampering her like this. Some day she will have to get her own living."

She was watching little Aveline's progress round the room with a smile on her face. All the men were petting and teasing her, and all the ladies were lavishing endearing epithets upon her.

But Aveline was a little person of decision and discrimination. She put aside with a firm hand the dazzling attentions that were offered her, and made straight for Godfrey Wharton, who was the only person in the room who had taken no notice of her.

She climbed up into his arms and laid her head on his shoulder, with a nestling gesture that was almost the same as she used to Jocelyn.

Godfrey Wharton bent his head and kissed her softly. Above the little golden head, across the whole length of the room, his eyes met Jocelyn Garth's.

The look in itself was a caress. She felt as though, in the presence of all, he had kissed her lips instead of the child's.

She blushed crimson, and hastily turned away her head. Lady Carstairs, who had succeeded in planting Edgar by his cousin's side, put down the blush to the admiring glance that the young man had given her.

And she went to bed in high good-humor.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day, when Lady Carstairs sailed into the great hall where afternoon tea was generally held, she beheld a stranger there, talking earnestly to Jocelyn Garth.

It was not quite four o'clock, and the match footmen had not yet disturbed the shadowy serenity of the fire-lit hall. Two or three men were lounging about and talking to each other, but the ladies, with their flowing tea-gowns, and dimpled smiles and soft voices, had not yet made their appearance.

Lady Carstairs wondered curiously who the man could be. She knew most of Jocelyn's friends of old. Perhaps it was a

some chance acquaintance came to call; perhaps—at that moment Jocelyn turned round and saw her.

She had been standing with one hand resting on the high oak mantel-shelf, carved by master fingers that had long since crumbled away to dust. Now her arm dropped to her side and she stood away from it.

"Mr. Dalgarno," she said to the new guest, "allow me to present you to my aunt, Lady Carstairs."

Lady Carstairs gave a languid bow, and sank into a great softly-cushioned chair by the fire. The new-comer aroused no interest in her now she had seen him close. Rather a handsome, foreign-looking man, but dressed in the worst taste. Lady Carstairs wondered that Jocelyn could tolerate such a person in the house.

After her bald introduction Jocelyn said nothing for a few minutes. She seemed as if she did not quite know what to do. The handsome, badly-dressed man gazed into the fire after he had acknowledged Lady Carstairs' bow, and there was a little smile on his lips.

The group of men broke up and came towards Jocelyn, now that they saw her attention was no longer monopolized; the match footmen appeared on the scene; Lucy and Rose swept down the stairs in elegant tea-gowns, followed by the magenta cousin. Jocelyn found herself in the midst of them all, and was conscious that many curious glances were directed towards the flashily-dressed man, who stood on the hearth as though he were master of the situation.

She made a great effort.

"Mr. Dalgarno has consented to join my house-party, Aunt Grace," she said, moving towards the low tea-table with its matchless china and flashing silver. "I am sure he will be a great acquisition."

"Delighted to hear it, I am sure," murmured Lady Carstairs, with her eye-glass in her eye. She scrutinized the new-comer severely as Jocelyn performed the various introductions, and she again wondered that Miss Garth could tolerate him in the house.

Mr. Dalgarno was tall and dark, with sweeping moustache and roving black eyes. In spite of the fact that his clothes were badly cut, and that he wore too much jewelry, the man was handsome in a certain coarse way.

Jocelyn poured out tea with her usual self-possession, and smiled and chatted as graciously as ever. Only Godfrey Wharton noticed that her eyes were heavier, and her cheeks paler, than they generally were.

"Have you a headache?" he asked her gently, as he stood by her to have his cup refilled.

"No—I think not, thank you," she answered rather absently.

He still stood by her when he had received his tea, and his attitude screened her somewhat from notice.

"I am sure something is the matter," he perceived, "you need not try to deceive me, Jocelyn. My eyes are sharp where you are concerned."

"They are sharp unnecessarily," she answered wearily. "I feel as well as ever I felt in my life."

He stirred his tea round thoughtfully, and his eyes wandered to where Mr. Dalgarno was standing, making himself agreeable to Rose Carstairs.

"Where did that man spring from?" he asked suddenly, with a shrug of the shoulder in his direction.

"He 'sprang,' as you call it, from the village inn. He has been staying there some time, I believe. As he was an old friend of my brother's I asked him to come here instead," she answered, steadily. "Is that an entirely satisfactory report?"

Her voice was quiet, and so were her eyes, but it seemed to Godfrey Wharton that the quietness was forced. He abandoned his catechism, however.

After tea was over, some of the party adjourned to the billiard-room, others to the drawing-room, where they had a little impromptu dance as a kind of practice for the coming ball. Dalgarno, after a look at Jocelyn, went to the billiard-room. Miss Garth and her aunt were left alone.

Jocelyn knew that a searching examination was inevitable. She wished to get it over.

"And now, my dear Jocelyn," said Lady Carstairs, when the footmen had noiselessly removed all the glittering paraphernalia of the tea-table, "pray tell me, who is this mysterious stranger who has dropped upon us from the skies? I thought you told me that you did not expect anybody fresh?"

"I did not, Aunt Grace," said Jocelyn, answering the last question first, "but as Mr. Dalgarno must have been very uncomfortable at the village inn. I thought it would only be hospitable to invite him to stay here."

"But how did you come to be acquainted with him at all? You must know him very well, Jocelyn, before you ask him to your house."

"I used to know him very well years ago. He was one of poor Robert's friends."

Lady Carstairs coughed a little, and stretched out a shapely foot to the blaze, meditatively.

"But my dear—excuse me—but if you are going to take up with all your poor brother's wild friends you will fill your house with a very queer set of people. Robert was not quite irreproachable himself as you know. I suppose he met this man abroad?"

"I believe so."

"And then introduced him to you?"

"Yes."

"But that must have been years ago, Jocelyn!"

"Eight, I believe."

"Eight years ago, and the man presumes upon a slight acquaintance all that time since in order to force himself into your house! The thing is preposterous."

"I asked him to stay here, Aunt Grace."

"But I cannot allow your generosity to be so imposed on, my dear. You must remember you are a young and handsome woman, Jocelyn, and cannot be too careful of your reputation. The man is an atrocious cad I am sure. His hands look more as if he had been picking oakum than anything else."

Jocelyn suddenly turned away her head, and her aunt did not see the flush of crimson in her cheeks.

"You must have been quite a child when you met him! It is quite impossible we can keep up with all our childhood's friends, you know. It sounds very pretty, but it is not at all practicable. You had better let me speak to this Mr.—Mr.—Dagloni, and explain to him that under the present circumstances, although you desire to be kind, you cannot——"

Jocelyn interrupted her.

"You must not do anything of the sort, Aunt Grace. Mr. Dalgarno is my guest, and as such I must ask you to treat him."

Jocelyn's tone was very seldom haughty, but it was haughty now.

Lady Carstairs took on an injured air.

"Of course you know best, Jocelyn. You always do! But I should have thought you would have taken advice from one old enough to be your mother."

"This is not a case for advice," said Jocelyn, rising and leaving the room abruptly.

She went staight to the billiard-room, where her new guest was playing a startling game with Godfrey Wharton. All the other men were looking on with some surprise. Dalgarno had made some extraordinary strokes.

He paused, cue in hand, when Jocelyn entered.

"Pray don't let me disturb you," said the latter, looking at him.

He muttered something she could not catch, and went on with the game. Jocelyn stood and watched it too. It seemed to her that it was more than a game that these two were playing—there was a deadly earnestness about it that struck her. She waited with breathless superstition to see who would win.

They were neck and neck at last. Each only wanted three to win.

"Whom do you back?" asked Godfrey Wharton, pausing for a moment and looking at Jocelyn.

She raised her eyes to his, but did not answer. He turned to the table with a little smile—made a brilliant winning hazard—and the game was his.

Dalgarno threw down his cue viciously.

"My hand is out. It is seven years since I last played," he said, with his slight foreign accent, "and then I think Miss Garth has the evil eye. I was winning till she came."

Jocelyn did not answer. She was looking at him with a curious dilated gaze. Then she turned and went upstairs without another word. At the same moment the dressing-bell sounded. Dalgarno started and shivered a little.

"What's that?" he demanded abruptly of the nearest person, who happened to be Edgar Carstairs.

The young man stared at him.

"What? The dressing-bell?" he said uncomprehendingly.

"Oh, the dressing-bell is it? It makes an infernal noise, that's all that I can say. I'm as nervous as a cat to-night."

"Nervous?"

Edgar Carstairs looked him carefully up and down, and wondered privately what made Jocelyn Garth introduce this particularly loose fish into her fastidious home.

"Yes, nervous. You'd be nervous if you had been gold-mining in Africa for years, and been nearly killed by fevers and agues a dozen times over."

He followed the men upstairs, still with a furtive look of terror on his face. The hall was empty save for the white-robed form of Jocelyn Garth. The others passed on, but Dalgarno lingered.

"You dress every night here?" he demanded.

"Yes; you will find all you need in the Blue Room. You know where it is."

"You've got an uncommonly swell place here," said Dalgarno, glancing round admiringly at the richly decorated walls.

"I am glad you think so."

"Oh, it's a handsome house; and you make a very handsome mistress of it! You have very much improved, Jocelyn!"

"I am delighted to hear it."

"Oh, you needn't take on those icy, confoundedly proud don't-careish airs with me. The truth's got to come out sooner or later."

"I will discuss matters with you to-morrow."

"By the Lord, you are a cool one! I thought I should have startled you, walking in like that, and you never turned a hair."

"Why should I? It is only the realization of a nightmare that I have dreamed for years."

"Nightmare? You were fond enough of me in the old days, my girl. When you dreamed of me then you didn't call it a nightmare."

She shuddered a little. He approached her with a laugh, and tried to take her hand. She stepped back with a look that checked even him.

"If you dare to touch me I will call my servants and have you put out of the house. I have still some authority left, and I am mistress here."

He gave a sullen laugh.

"As you choose," he answered, turning on his heel. "I will humor you for a day or two if you like."

He whistled a bar from a comic song that was popular seven years ago, as he went up the broad oak stairs.

He had a distinct sense of "bien etre" as he entered his luxurious bedroom. The delicate hangings, handsome furniture, and ruddy blazing fire were all very pleasant to him.

"After all these years I deserve comfortable quarters," he told himself, "A man might do worse than come home to this—and Jocelyn."

Dinner was rather a strained affair. Jocelyn, in black, looked white and worn. Dalgarno laughed and talked noisily, and had his glass filled dangerously often. The guests were all rather displeased at the strange, unwelcome addition to their ranks that Jocelyn Garth had thrust upon them.

"Where have you put that new protege of yours?" enquired Lady Carstairs, when the dessert had arrived, and Dalgarno was at his gayest.

"In the Blue Room."

"Next mine?" with a little shriek. "My dear Jocelyn, how very inconsiderate of you! I shan't sleep a wink to-night. The wretch looks quite capable of cutting my throat."

"He hasn't murdered any one yet that I know, Aunt Grace."

"That you know of! I dare say not. But that is very insecure evidence. You admit that you have not seen him for eight years——"

"Seven."

"Well, seven then. I understood you to say eight, I'm sure. A man has time to commit hundreds of murders in seven years."

Jocelyn was silent again.

"All that jewelry of his is false," went on Lady Carstairs, "and I am quite sure his clothes are second-handed. If we all escape with our lives we ought to feel thankful. I shall put my diamonds in your big safe to-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Few persons live wisely to-day, but are preparing to do so to-morrow.

A SOUR STOMACH, WANT OF APPETITE, and General Lassitude, denotes the want of a Tonic, which you can supply by using Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. It will cure most derangements of the Stomach, in old or young, and rids the body of Worms—the common pests of childhood. Sold by all Druggists.

Scientific and Useful.

SPONGES.—Sponges are adulterated by being well kneaded in weak gum-water, with which very fine sand is mixed. They are then dried in the sun, and the excess of sand falls out of the pores, but sufficient is left largely to increase the original weight of sponge.

RAIN-MAKING.—A rainmaker in India has an apparatus consisting of a rocket capable of rising to the height of a mile, containing a reservoir of ether. In its descent it opens a parachute, which causes it to come down slowly. The ether is thrown out in fine spray, and its absorption of heat is said to lower the temperature about it sufficiently to condense the vapor and produce a limited shower.

RUBBER-BOTTOMED SHOES.—The sporting man does not have a sole monopoly upon the rubber-bottomed shoe. There are few male customers whose shoes are provided with thin rubber tap-soles at all seasons of the year. They are mostly anti-overshoe wearers, and they claim that the light tap keeps out dampness from the bottom of the foot, gives the wearer an elastic tread and prevents the perspiring of the feet that overshoes produce.

THE CAMERA.—The photographic camera has recently proved a very valuable witness in a certain law-case which has been before the courts for some years. The dispute was to decide the ownership of certain land, and it centred upon a deed which bore the signatures of four out of the five heirs of the testator. It was held by one side that the sale was not completed because of the omission of this one signature; but the other side maintained that the signature had been there, and pointed out that there was a space on the document evidently intended for it. Not a sign of any writing could be seen on this mysterious blank portion of the deed until some one hit upon the expedient of photographing it, when, upon the resulting negative, the signature of the dead hand became clearly apparent. Instances are multiplying in which the light sensitive film can see that which is quite invisible to the human eye.

Farm and Garden.

STRAW.—Sell your straw to your cattle by giving them better bedding than before. They will repay you with increased weight of beef or more milk and butter.

BUTTER.—If your butter seems likely to spoil immerse the vessel which contains it in cold lime water, and keep it there until the sweetness of the butter is restored.

COWS.—Thousands of cows are kept at little profit, and but for the manure which they return to the farm the farmer would soon have to sell off his stock and abandon his farm.

ORCHARDS.—If an orchard is to be arranged on sod land the ground should be plowed and cut up with a disc harrow. When young trees are planted in grass land that has not been well prepared they do not thrive. The land must be kept clean for the first two or three years.

BREEDING.—Do not keep your breeding stock too fat. Milk fever, caked udder, and bowel diseases, in cows, may be traced to overfeeding and fat condition when they are dry and are not producing milk. When the cow is in full flow of milk, however, she may be fed liberally.

MANURE.—The best way to keep manure is on a freshly plowed field. If rains soak it in, the valuable substances will go down into the soil, and the work of spreading may be done at this season. The saving of labor, and the exposure of the manure on the ground will be advantageous next season.

HORSE-BREEDING.—Where horse breeding is carried on upon the farm, as an adjunct to the other branches of work, it will usually pay to turn the colts off at about three years. After this the expense of feeding rapidly increases, and they need a good deal of time and attention. The best profit has accrued before reaching this age.

SHEEP.—Sheep are a good item for almost any farm. But keep in mind that there is no best breed of sheep more than there is a best breed of cattle or horses. Don't be led into adopting any special breed with that idea. Find out which is best however, for your own land, location and system of farming. The selection should be governed by these considerations in all cases.

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The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 7, 1894.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 725 Sansom St.

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Marks of Character.

There is a perennial interest in the reading of character. We all delight in trying to penetrate the mystery of personality that mocks us in a million shapes; and dull people, who believe that there is a rule for every action if only we could find it out, are perpetually persuading themselves that at last they have found an infallible guide to the intricacies of individuality.

Oh, this stupid love of a sure well-beaten road, this delight in infallibility, how it has misled men into comfortable but delusive rest! There must be a very truth, a comprehensive satisfying explanation, they think, if we could but get at it; and so they consult and arrive at the best decision possible at the moment, dub it infallible, and go to sleep in peace and quietness. But it never lasts long. As in religion, so in every other sphere of thought—it saves a great deal of trouble if you can have a thoroughly trustworthy standard measuring-rod that admits of no uncertainty, no guessings and inklings.

People who love the fixed, the understood, the matter-of-fact think there really ought to be a ready-reckoning way of reading character; the mind should properly go neatly into labelled compartments, and should exhibit an exact indicator in the face and figure; the phrenologist's chart is just what is wanted to explain the symmetrically-constituted man.

Others who find difficulty in believing in character being permanently cast and blocked in bone take refuge in the expression of individuality through the action of the moment.

Writing carries our inmost thoughts to the world through the medium of words; why should not the character of the thinking part be represented in the character of the medium which conveys the thought—in the handwriting? And so rules are drawn up on this supposition, and the most minute deductions are made—deductions that are satisfying to such as love a rule and have faith.

Men will probably never have general good sense enough to see that in all these ways of reading character there is some truth, but not a system; that there is no convenient rule which will bar out uncertainty; that we can read men only through hints, not by plain statements; and in this, as in every other manifestation of life, there is no finality, no absolute rest, no complete knowledge; and to say there is is charlatanism or superstition.

It would be a pity if we could measure character and put it down in decimal fractions as the anthropometric experts measure the human body. A good deal of most delightful interest would at once fade out of life. But, though character-study cannot be made exact, we are all engaged hourly in forming judgments approximately correct; and it is a useful exercise in observation to compare our mental notes on character-reading with the notes of other observers, always remembering that hard and definite conclusions based on small indications are dangerous.

When we hear an impulsive damsel say, "Oh, I always distrust people with hazel eyes!" the injustice is obvious; but there are people who think themselves clever and judicious who draw equally silly inferences from equally minute though less common observations. What are the characteristics that most readily recommend men or women to their fellows? Before coming to particulars, it may be remarked that we often register a general impression of an acquaintance without reference to details. At a flash we, on the whole, think well or indifferently of him; or think well, with the reservation that in some single particular he is a "lame duck."

Agreeable, bright, good-natured, certainly, and we are glad to make her acquaintance, but heavy and lagging in her walk as she went away; and what can that mean? These are the kind of mental notes that must be constantly made. Of all the recommendations that appeal to mankind with a universal influence, the most insinuating and powerful is sunniness of disposition. Force of character, determination, strength are great and independent, but they do not elicit such a general response as brightness and vivacity. Give us the people who bring with them the cheerfulness and warmth of the sun. You are riding among strangers, self-absorbed, in a railway-car or omnibus—the worst places in the world to enjoy the natural play of character, for everybody puts up a scarcely transparent vizor—and suddenly you catch sight of a dancing eye, bright and merry, or it may be dim and yet kind; and next you see a cheerful tolerant observation passes to the face, which is crossed by a pleasant smile "half within and half without."

The effect is exactly the same as when, after a cold dark day, the sun sends forth a shaft of warm yellow light, dappling the woodlands and striking along the nerves till a sigh of thankfulness is evoked as man's answer to Nature's caress. Only people who are soured or bad can resist the brightness and sweetness of the face that takes its expression from a heart which always harbors spring.

The opposite is also true. Just as the readiest way to win a pleasant reception is to carry brightness and kindness in the face, so the sour and gloomy shut all the world's doors against themselves as they pass. They may be worthy, but they do not look like it, and we cannot be bothered by experiments, is the attitude of the average man or woman towards the casual acquaintance who hides behind gloomy and "dour" appearances.

Thoughtfulness in aspect, abstraction and reserve are on a different plane from gloomy severity. Thoughtfulness that is not affected and reserve that is diffident are often rather attractive; they excite our curiosity; they pique us pleasantly; we are inclined to begin dreaming about them and building out of fancies the characters that we cannot certainly read. Often, too, there is an enduring quality in these characters that keep in the background. But they may be known only by their friends; whereas the sunny people are benefactors to the whole of the public. The room that was dull a moment before becomes bright as they enter. Their progress is traceable by the relaxing of countenances. A dozen hopeful beaming people would be a better reinforcement to a beleaguered town than an additional regiment.

Of the many indications of character on which we all instinctively rely, one of the most suggestive, though least commented on, is the walk. The phrenologist maps out the head into moral patterns, the caligraphist studies our handwriting until every twist of the pen is supposed to conceal a subtle meaning, and the professor of palmistry makes the folds of the hand a plot of fate; but no astute practitioner gives an analysis of gait. It would not lend itself sufficiently to the hocus-pocus process; yet it tells a plainer story than any of the other indications of character in professional use. Learning will lend an unconscious dignity to a man's bearing, and introspection and egotism of the subtlest kind will make his action stiff. But all such observations are best made casually and without an attempt to systematize, for character can never be measured by rule of thumb.

So far from the good or evil heart and conduct being dependent upon the mental condition of the doer, it is more often the case that the latter is largely moulded by the former. Strong passions eclipse the reason; impure desires darken the judgment; selfishness clouds the mind; ambition and fear and hatred make it impossible for thought to flow calmly or the faculties to work intelligently. How many opinions, loudly proclaimed and firmly maintained, owe their origin to the desire that they should be true, rather than to the calm and earnest quest for truth itself! Self-interest, or the hope of name and fame, or violent party spirit, or the fear of consequences, may, any or all of them, prompt this desire and render impossible that tranquil and impartial state of mind which alone can weigh evidence and arrive at clear convictions.

Some people, intending to do a kindness, wait until it is asked for, and then delay on various pretexts, or make promises and postpone their fulfilment until they are reminded of them, hoping thereby to increase the value of the benefit in the receiver's estimation and swell the debt he owes. The mind, thus wearied with waiting and wavering between hope and fear, cannot feel the gratitude that the giver demands, even when the boon is granted. On the contrary, the feeling is often that "Nothing in the world is worth this trouble. I had much rather you refused it to me now."

KIND words have their uses when they are kindly meant, and even the Christmas congratulations of a casual acquaintance need not be insincere. We are so dependent in a thousand ways on one another, and there is so much to make every one think only of himself, that it is something to be obliged once a year to put on at least the appearance of geniality.

WE are born at home, we live at home, and we must die at home; so that the comforts and economies of home are of more deep, heartfelt and personal interest to us than the public affairs of all the nations in the world.

IF the seal of time were to be the signet of truth, there is no absurdity, oppression, or falsehood that might not be revived as gospel; while the gospel itself would want the more ancient warrant of paganism.

THERE is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

THERE is no greater fool than he who thinks himself wise; no one wiser than he who suspects he is a fool.

IT is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

ROSE.—The word inamorata is Italian, and means a "lady-love;" inamorato means a "lover."

MAUD.—A widow wears her weeds for a year, and then goes into half mourning for another year.

C. S.—Nina is equivalent to Petite (little) the word Nennos means a dwarf. Men are fond of "handsome wee things," so Nina is a pet name.

LAURA.—Mayfair is a fashionable quarter of London, so-called because of a fair held there, which began on May 1st, and lasted 15 days, under a grant from James I. It was suppressed in 1708.

T. R.—"Authority" lays down the law as the result of a judgment. "Testimony" leaves the person addressed to act as judge. It is the difference between the word of a judge and the evidence of a witness.

TRADES.—The gilding of book edges is a fine art, the edges are first glaired with eggs, then metal is laid on, and then it is burnished with a burnisher. Easy to tell, you see, but impossible for you to accomplish.

THISTLE.—Jean Armour, Burns' wife, was born February 27th, 1767, at Mauchline, Ayrshire, being one of the "six proper young belles" of the place celebrated in his rhyme. Her father was a mason there. She died March 26th, 1834.

RUFUS.—As mercury freezes at about 39 degrees below the zero point of Fahrenheit's thermometer, alcohol colored red is used in thermometers in very cold places. More than 100 degrees below zero can be measured in an alcohol thermometer.

WELCH.—It all depends upon the circumstances of the introduction. It is not generally necessary to shake hands, but sufficient just to bow. Try not to be self-conscious, but just be as natural as you can, and you will soon lose your awkwardness.

W. E. G.—The first century began with the first day of the year 1. The second century began with the first day of the year 101. The nineteenth century began with the first day of the year 1801. The nineteenth century will close with the last day of the year 1900, and the twentieth century will begin the first day of 1901.

P. T. S.—The making of glass dates back to the earliest antiquity, and no trustworthy authority can be quoted as to whom the honor of the invention belongs. The oldest specimens are Egyptian, and it has proved that these people had a knowledge of glass blowing 3,500 years ago. They also made glazed pottery at that early age in the world's history.

HISTORICUS.—It is highly improbable that tobacco was known to the Israelites, and we have no grounds for supposing that they had any equivalent for it. It is said to have been first observed at St. Domingo, A. D. 1492, and to have been used freely by the Spaniards in Yucatan (1520). It was first brought to England in 1565 by Sir John Hawkins; but Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake are also mentioned as having first introduced it in 1585.

UNDECIDED.—Never allow yourself for one moment to entertain the idea of marrying a man in the hope of reforming him. That is the conceit of a foolish and vain spirit, and almost always ends in trouble. Men think they will be better because some women loves and marries them. They are, no doubt, sincere in the belief that they will leave off their evil ways and become model husbands, but it only needs a glance over the world to discover that they do not do this. Even though they leave off bad habits for a while, they soon fall back into their old ways.

W. S. T.—Coffee does not produce any evil effects upon the complexion, although many persons suppose that it possesses this property. The important offices that this beverage fills are to allay the sensation of hunger; to produce an exhilarating and refreshing effect; and, most important of all, to diminish the amount of wear and tear, or waste of the animal frame, which is going on more or less at every moment of our lives. Even the grounds of coffee possesses nutriment—so much so, in fact, that some of the Eastern nations use both the grounds and the infusion.

WIFE.—Certainly a husband can have as much affection for the second wife as for a first; there are cases, doubtless, where the second wife has come in for a larger share of affection than the first. No reasonable second wife could object to her husband holding his first wife in affectionate remembrance. Of course he need not be continually prating of the "dear departed," nor telling his wife that his "sainted Maria" would have done this, or would not have done the other; nevertheless a loving wife, who has done her duty faithfully and industriously for years, deserves a most honorable place in her husband's memory after death.

E. A. F.—The game of chess originated in India about five thousand years ago. In the first period of its history, the moves of the men were almost the same as in the present game, but it was played by four persons, and the combatants determined what piece to move by the throw of a die. In the second period the game was reduced to a contest between two persons, and the element of chance was discarded. In the third, or modern period, some changes were made in the fundamental laws of the game, increasing the powers of the queen and bishop, and the introduction of castling. Alone among games its use has been sanctioned by the priesthood of all beliefs.

THE HUMAN FIRMAMENT.

BY PETER SPENSER.

Last night the starry sky I view'd,
And look'd into the heart of mine,
Until methought I understood
How like that sky the wise will shine.

"The music of the spheres," how near
To man on such a night it floats!
Difficult is it not to hear
The quavering of those golden notes.

Its harmony no more I felt,
Its restfulness absorb'd me next;
It seem'd that there Peace only dwelt;
Man's realm alone by storms was vex'd.

So, when in Heaven the righteous meet,
Vast grandeur will their lives possess,
Beauty and harmony complete,
And perfect, perfect restfulness.

The Fatal Ride.

BY F. G. H.

"YOU will not forget us, Frank?" said Mr. Mowbray.

"Never, my dear sir," I replied, "or the happy days I have passed beneath your roof. Once more I thank you sincerely for all your kindness, and——"

"Say no more," said he. "Pray do not thank me, Frank—I do not deserve it. I have always felt towards you as a father; and if you have found a happy home in my family, do not give me the entire credit. You have ever been as a son to me, and a brother to my children. But we must not keep you now—there is the horn! Run, Reginald, and stop the coach!"

I wrung the hand of my dear old tutor, beneath whose roof many of my happiest days had been spent, amidst warm-hearted and simple neighbors, by whom he was held in veneration. His son Reginald had filled the place of a brother to one who had none; and sweet, modest little Eleanor had won her way to a dearer title. We were a happy and contented family, never finding time hang heavy on our hands, each season bringing its varied pleasures and pursuits.

Eleanor, Reginald, and I had visited together every spot in the neighborhood, not too far for the former to walk. Many a time had I lifted her light and slender form over the rushing brook, or half carried her up the side of some rugged hill; but, somehow or other, for the last year Eleanor had persisted in only accepting slight help now and then, when the nature of our walk demanded something more.

No longer was I permitted to bear her scathless through the mimic dangers of our excursions. No longer did I pass my arm round her as she ascended the rough mountain side; the gentle girl had never, in so many words, forbade me, but I knew instinctively she did not wish my aid, and I forbore to importune her. We were not unfrequently accompanied by a beautiful child, the daughter of a widow lady, in poor circumstances, living near us.

Constance Derwent was two years younger than Eleanor Mowbray; the former was a gay, happy, laughing creature; no greater contrast could there be to my calm, quiet Eleanor; she was tall for her age, finely formed, with regular features, shaded by masses of dark wavy hair.

Reginald sometimes insisted on taking charge of her; but as sure as he did, both would come to grief, by falling into the water, or tumbling into a hedge, instead of making their way over the stile. He always blamed Constance, and she returned the compliment, laughing all the time, her dark eyes sparkling with mischief, and her white teeth gleaming like pearls through her red lips.

Eleanor, as I have said, was the opposite of Constance in every respect. She was not beautiful, but no one would have considered her plain. Her figure scarcely attained the middle height, but was gracefully formed. Her features were not regular, but in them was visible the beauty of the soul. Her soft, large grey eyes, won sympathy and love at the same time; an abundance of golden brown hair was simply drawn back from a low, broad brow, and bound round her head in plaits. To my mind her countenance was eminently interesting, and no one could look once upon it without being attracted to it again. Her mind was refined, and peculiarly sensitive, ever thinking of others, and forgetting herself. Such was my Eleanor. Although we had never spoken openly of our love, yet we understood each other, and felt as fully plighted as if thousands of promises and love tokens had passed between us.

It was a cold, raw winter morning that I was leaving the little parsonage; the snow was lying thick on the higher parts of the surrounding country, and in slush and mud on the roads I had to travel twelve miles by coach before arriving at a railway station. I remember, even now, how miserable I felt at that parting. I had begged Mr. Mowbray and Reginald not to get up to see me off. I was inclined to steal away by myself in the dark morning air; but as they were always early risers, it mattered little to them to leave their beds an hour earlier. Notwithstanding my injunctions to the contrary, I fully expected to see them on that morning, but I was not prepared to feel a little cold hand glide into mine, and to look on the pale and tearful face of Eleanor; so I was quite unmanned.

"You will be late for the coach—make haste, Frank!" shouted Reginald, and I was almost thankful for the interruption.

"Heaven bless you, my boy! You will not forget us!" exclaimed Mr. Mowbray, as he took my hand, and once more pressed it tightly in his.

The horn sounded again; the coach had stopped at the bottom of the lane which ran by the parsonage; Reginald was holding the door open.

"Make haste, sir, if you please," said the coachmen, as he reined in his impatient steeds.

In another moment we were off. I put my head out of the window, I waved my hand to Reginald; another figure stood beside him, a white handkerchief fluttered. "Heaven bless her!" I murmured to myself as I answered the signal.

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Three passed away, during which time I had undergone much pain and anxiety, partly caused by my utter ignorance of the world. However, at the end of that period I had, by dint of perseverance, acquired a profession; but circumstances had prevented my visiting my old home.

Mr. Mowbray's health had failed shortly after I left, and he had been ordered by the physicians to the south of France. Although he had returned benefited, he was obliged to renew his visits to the same climate. These periodical absences took place at the only time I could possibly have spent a week or two with my old tutor and his family. At this I was not a little chagrined at the time. Now I was my own master, and at perfect liberty to go where I chose. My heart bounded towards the quaint old parsonage and Eleanor. My dear Eleanor—I would now hasten there and claim her for my wife, with the sanction of her father.

On arriving at the Elmhurst railway station I ordered my luggage to be forwarded, and engaging a horse, was soon flying across the country, preferring this mode of transit to the lumbering old coach of former days.

What a contrast to the day I left the dear old home! It was a beautiful, bright evening in July, the golden sheaves were scattered at intervals over the corn-fields. Here and there wagons were being piled with hay, or hay-makers were busily raking it together. The water-fowl were lazily gliding about on the distant lake. The sun was setting, gilding everything as he passed away, and making all things look more beautiful.

I made these observations as I rode idly and quietly along. At what pace I had been riding I know not, but it must have been rapid, for my horse, a strong and swift animal, was flecked with foam; now he was leisurely champing the bit, as he moved scarcely faster than a walk. Thus, before I was aware, I arrived at a small wayside inn. Well I remembered it; the landlord was an old acquaintance. My horse seemed to know the half-way house, (such was the name it went by,) for he also deliberately walked up to the door. I acknowledged the hint by alighting and throwing the reins to the hostler.

During the short time I stayed in the house I could not help overhearing a conversation, from which I learnt that two convicts had lately escaped from prison, and were hiding in a wood about a mile off; they had the character of being desperate ruffians, as careless of their own lives as they were of those of their fellow men.

This was a pleasant piece of intelligence, considering I intended passing through this very wood. I knew the principal paths in it well, and the one I had purposed taking shortened my road nearly two miles. Not being in the habit of carrying pistols about me in broad daylight, as I informed the landlord, he made much show in loading one very carefully; and having done so, he presented it to me, saying, "Now, Mr. Frank, since you've determined to go through the wood, though I can't see why you so much wish to shorten your road, and to run the risk of meeting them ruffians, you'll just take this here little barker with you; 'twill do no harm, you know, if you don't want it."

Notwithstanding my protestations to the contrary, I was induced by an old friend's importunities to take the pistol with me, more to satisfy him than with any other idea, for I made all due allowance for exaggeration respecting the escaped convicts. In fact I looked upon them as rather mythical beings, and with a light heart I bade adieu to my host and his gossips.

"The least they'll do is to give him a knock and rob him," was the last comforting assurance which fell on my ear.

I was very soon on the confines of the wood, and in another moment was following the well-known bridle way. It had the appearance of not being much frequented of late, for at intervals the underwood almost crossed it. I was obliged therefore to ride slowly, and also to push the intervening branches out of my way.

"After all," thought I, "the road would have been as short."

Then the meeting again with Eleanor and Reginald, and my esteemed old tutor, filled my mind. How I longed to be at my journey's end! Urging my horse on without reflection, he soon stumbled, and I was consequently forced to walk, or rather to make my steed walk.

I may have been half way through the wood; it was now quite dark, when a noise fell on my ear. What was it? Oh, nothing!—a startled bird, doubtless. No—there it was again! No bird this time. It resembled the cracking of a dry branch. All at once the warnings I received at the half-way house rushed into my mind. I had quite forgotten them. The next moment I heard a heavy rushing tread, as of some one bursting through the underwood and ferns; then I distinctly descried a tall dark figure. A hand was laid on my bridle, and my horse pressed backwards, between fright and force, almost on his haunches.

"Halt!" growled a low deep voice. I heard a click, but I was quicker than my assailant; I fired, and, with a shriek which echoed through the stillness, he fell heavily to the ground.

I dashed on furiously, regardless of the many obstacles which lay in my path, or the frequent stumbles of my horse, but was at length forced to pull up, owing to the increased difficulty of the way. I had no wish for a second encounter, being quite defenceless.

The village lights glistened; I was once more in the open road. I thought less and less of the fate of the man I had left in the wood; and as I turned into the little lane leading by the parsonage, and saw a bright light streaming from Mr. Mowbray's study window, it faded quite away.

I trotted up the little avenue; the door of the parsonage was opened wide before I got to it. The kind face of my old tutor met mine, and from him I received the warmest of welcomes. Where were the others? Eleanor—my Eleanor!—where was she? A little warm hand nestled in mine, not now cold and hopeless, mutely answering the question. We entered the dining-room a happy trio.

"Reginald, my old friend and companion—where is he?" I asked.

"He ought to have been here now—we thought he would have returned with you," said Mr. Mowbray. "Have you not met him, Frank?"

"No, I have not," I replied. "I daresay we shall see him soon."

We chatted gaily together, and, with Eleanor by my side, heaping my plate with good things, and the benevolent face of her father smiling on me, as if a long lost but not prodigal son had returned, I declare I felt much happier than any king who ever reigned. I could not, however, help remarking how much Mr. Mowbray was altered in appearance by illness, notwithstanding his cheerfulness.

Once or twice the incident in the wood crossed my mind, but I determined not to mar our present enjoyment by referring to it. I would speak of it with Reginald privately when he came in, and we would consult together what was best to be done.

"I am surprised Reginald has not come home," said Mr. Mowbray, rising, and, drawing back the heavy red curtain from the window, he peered into the darkness without.

"Do not be alarmed, my dear sir," said I. "Reginald knows every inch of the country."

"But he never stops out like this," said Eleanor. "I wonder what the reason is! Dear brother, I hope he is safe."

"Are you nervous also, Eleanor? I thought you had a brave little heart."

I stopped short, for, on looking at her, she was deadly pale.

"Oh, you do not know how much reason we have had to fear for Reginald lately!" she replied.

"Why, what is the matter with my old friend?" I asked.

At that moment Mr. Mowbray turned round, and I was struck by the pallor of his countenance.

"Dear father, compose yourself," said Eleanor; "I trust Reginald will return soon. He ought to have sent us word——"

"He would have done so if he could, my love," interrupted her father. "I feel convinced some calamity has befallen him."

"Oh, I hope not," said Eleanor. "Dear Reginald, my dear and only brother!"

It was now the father's turn to comfort her. I tried to do so, but words failed; the anguish shown by Eleanor quite overcame me. What if Reginald had strayed into the wood, and had encountered the fellow convict to the one I had shot! I dared not mention the circumstance; I feared to speak; yet something must be done. My companions were totally helpless. Suddenly Eleanor looked up cheerfully through her tears, and, brushing them away, said, with a faint attempt at a smile, "We need not really fear, dear father, for Reginald. What is there to hurt him, since we know those dreadful men were taken up to-day? And as for——"

"What men? Who?—Where?" I asked incoherently.

"Two escaped convicts, who have been hiding in the wood for the last three days," said Mr. Mowbray.

"But how do you know they were taken up?" I asked.

"Eleanor and I met the unfortunate creatures to-day in the custody of the police," replied Mr. Mowbray.

"Oh yes, such woe-begone, wretched-looking men!" said Eleanor. "I felt so sorry for them."

"No, there's nothing to fear from them," said Mr. Mowbray; "besides, Reginald intended riding round by the road to the half-way house to meet you, Frank. He ought to have been there before you. I know it is foolish to think so much about my boy's absence. But I am not so strong now, Frank, as I used to be."

"He intended meeting me, sir? But you say he was on horseback!"

A cold shudder ran through me. What was the nature of this horrible thing which was revealing itself to me? "But he had a horse," said I.

"There was a slight doubt about his being able to have the horse," replied Eleanor. "If he could not get it, he intended going on foot to meet you."

Oh Eleanor, never had such cruel words proceeded from your lips! Little you knew, my innocent girl, they were sharper than swords.

I hastily snatched up a decanter, and dashing some water into a tumbler, swallowed it.

"Frank—dear Frank! what is the matter?" exclaimed Eleanor alarmed.

I caught sight of my face in the opposite glass—it was pale and rigid, as if cut out of marble; I felt the great cold drops fall one by one from my brow. Making a desperate effort to appear calm, I persuaded Mr. Mowbray, who was grower weaker, to let me help him to his room. When he got there he would have fallen, had I not caught him, and placed him gently in an arm-chair; he leaned back feebly, and burst into tears.

"My father, my dear father, be comforted!" half-sobbed Eleanor.

"My boy, my poor boy, my only son!" piteously gasped the old man. "I know it is wrong, but I am so weak I cannot control myself. I hope he has not met him."

I stood like a statue gazing on the two. What was I to do? I felt the brand of Cain on my brow; I was the destroyer of the peace of this family. Their peace did I say? I was their murderer; yes, I saw it all. Reginald, guessing I should be on the look-out for the convicts, determined to try my courage, and maybe have a laugh at me afterwards; but why should he have chosen such a dangerous amusement? How could I tell why he had chosen it? And there he was, lying stark and bleeding, murdered by the hand of Eleanor's affianced husband. Her husband? No, never again shall her innocent hand touch that guilty one, stained with a brother's blood.

"How dreadful you look, Frank!" said Eleanor. "Will you not speak? Have you nothing to say to console us?"

I pushed her little white hand roughly off my arm. There was a wondering, painful look in her soft gray eyes. He may not be dead; I may save him still; I may be in time yet—but that awful shriek, that

dead, heavy thud!

"I'll go and seek Reginald!" I cried, "and—and—he may yet return."

"Yet return? You think he may be—— I cannot say the word. My dear boy!" sobbed the old man aloud.

"Eleanor, darling!" Yes, I would call her that once more, perhaps for the last time; "be composed—try and bear it—all may yet be well. I will seek him."

I dared not approach her. Quickly I fled from the house. On—on I hurried. I had gained the wood.

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There were two more miles to traverse ere coming to the dreaded spot. Onward, onward I went. Never, never shall I forget that night. The misery, the utter despair which filled my heart, and, as if in mockery of my desolation, the happy thoughts I had entertained but a short time since presented themselves in array before me. There was no moon, but now and then the stars glimmered faintly on my path. Onward I rushed, distracted, maddened. Oh, that he lived still! Inwardly I cursed the landlord and his fatal gift. Great heavens! I stumbled and fell! Every drop of blood in my veins seemed to curdle. It was the body of a man lying across the pathway which caused my fall! In my excitement I was passing over the spot I sought. Oh Reginald! my companion, my dear friend, my Eleanor's loved brother, there you were lying; your murderer, he who is now bending over you! What mad frolic could have led to this catastrophe? I crawled from the body with an instinct of horror. Rise, I could not—I felt sick and faint. The dew which covered the long grass in which I was stretched, seemed to revive me a little. He might not be quite dead. I made an effort to rise, and, tearing open his vest, felt for his heart. There was a slight warmth, but I could not tell if its pulsations had stopped for ever. I tried to raise him—it was impossible. What was to be done? My hands were wet with his life-blood. I knew it, although I could not see them.

My next impulse was to hasten forward to the half-way house for help to move the body. The sight of it at the parsonage would kill the wretched father and Eleanor. Why distress them more than needs be? One moment I resolved never to see them again, and the next to throw myself on my knees before them, to implore their pity and forgiveness. Oh if he only had lived! But no—I knew he was dead!

I roused up my old friend of the half-way house, a litter was quickly improvised, and with two other men we set forward. His grief—for I concealed nothing from him—at what had happened was great and sincere, and he heartily condemned himself for forcing the pistol on me.

"He is dead, sure enough," said one of the men, as we endeavored gently to raise our melancholy burden. I did not expect to hear to the contrary, but somehow the words struck a death-knell to the slight hopes I had entertained.

We arrived at the half-way house. Preparations had been made in our absence: a doctor had been sent for, but some time must elapse before he could possibly arrive. I remained outside; I could not bear to look on the remains of my poor murdered friend. My head swam; then I felt an irresistible inclination to look upon those dear features once more, so full of life and hope but a short time since.

A sound like the rushing of water was in my ears, still I could faintly hear the din of voices within the house. I managed to enter, to walk to the door of an inner chamber. I now distinctly saw the blood on my hands; but what was that to the dead white face that met my view! Those who surrounded him suddenly turned upon me. I heard my name, as it were, whispered. I remembered no more.

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When restored to perfect consciousness I was lying on a bed in one of the rooms at the parsonage. I soon recognized it as that which I occupied formerly. Reginald was bending over me. The gaze of astonishment, not to say of terror, with which I greeted him, was met on his part by a smile, and a pressure of my hand, which I perceived was white, thin, and bony; his was strong and muscular, and of a wholesome brown, not that of a ghost certainly.

"You must make haste and get well, old boy: you have given us a world of trouble," said he, laughing.

"And Eleanor?" I whispered, for I was very weak.

"She believes you will never be in your right senses again, and is worn to a shadow in nursing you"" he replied.

I was too weak then to ask for explanations, which, however, soon followed. It seems a man of gentlemanly exterior had suddenly appeared in the village, taking up his quarters at the only little inn of which it boasted. He was handsome, generous, and even prodigal in his gifts; at least so he appeared in the eyes of the simple country people with whom he sojourned, professedly for his health, although no one knew of what disease he complained. His manners were those of a polished man of the world; so Mr. Mowbray said, on whom at first he made a most favorable impression.

The stranger was struck by the beauty of Constance Derwent, now a lovely woman, and engaged to Reginald. She firmly refused his addresses at first, and when he persisted, she was indignant. He became insulting, lying in wait for her wherever she went. When Reginald learned this he became like one beside himself. In wrath and passion he remonstrated with the stranger. The latter had the advantage; he kept his temper, but aggravated his rival by treating him as a mere love-sick country lad.

From henceforth Mr. Mowbray and Eleanor dreaded a second encounter between them. Finding however that there was no longer any chance of meeting Constance, except in company with her mother or Reginald, he resolved to remove the latter effectually.

The day of my expected return to the parsonage the stranger had overheard my friend say in the yard of the inn, when he found he could not have a horse, that he would walk round by the road, and meet me at the half-way house, and if I had not arrived by a certain hour, he intended riding home through the wood.

Having called at Mrs. Derwent's, where he was detained, Reginald, according to his previous arrangement, called at the half-way house, but after I had left; and he hastened after me through the wood, but by a different route.

My unfortunate encounter must have taken place ere Reginald entered the wood, for he could not remember distinctly having heard a shot fired. He arrived at the parsonage half an hour after I left, and having relieved the anxiety of his father and sister, set out to look for me. Meeting with the messenger sent for the doctor, he hastened forward, and came into the half-way house shortly after I had fainted.

I was no murder, after all. The wounded man proved to be the scoundrel who had annoyed Constance. He was severely hurt, but not mortally. When I saw him just before I fainted he was in a deep swoon, and the bystanders had just discovered he was not Reginald. My faintness and the indistinctness with which I looked on the face of the wounded man, caused me to mistake him for my friend. The former remained at the half-way house until he was able to travel, and since then he has never appeared in these parts.

A few years later we saw in the newspapers the condemnation for life to penal servitude of a miscreant, whose description answered completely that of the "distinguished stranger."

I explained my reasons for my silence, and my "awful looks," as Eleanor called them; and my roughness to the dear girl, need, I add, was freely forgiven.

When I was quite restored to health two events took place on the same day, in which Reginald and I were deeply concerned: he was united to Constance, and I to Eleanor, Mr. Mowbray performing the ceremony.

Castle Terrim.

BY R. P.

IN one of the dim aisles of a forest, that stood, centuries old, in the heart of Scotland, a gipsy court had been long held undisturbed. If two or three sheep were weekly stolen from the shepherd on the hill side, or a cow taken from her sheltered byre almost beneath her owner's window, all knew that it was of no manner of use to raise a search, or make any disturbance. The gipsies, of course, were the marauders; and they stood outside of all legal restraints or penalties, as secure as though the laws of the realm had never been enacted.

Sometimes the women of the tribe would leave their wild haunts in the depths of the forest, and come forth to exercise their supposed talent of prophecy. Young people subdued their fears, and many put implicit faith in all that the gipsies told of future happiness and prosperity—of fair children to inherit the broad lands and towering castles, and all the gay and splendid imagery with which the brown people love to amuse their poor dupes.

One of the most intelligent, as well as the most craftly of the tribe, Nell Mordant, was usually selected for the mission; and one bright Autumn day, when the brown leaves and stately evergreens mingled together, making a fairy bower of the whole forest, Nell tied her scarlet cloak around her shapely shoulders, half concealed her brown face and brilliant black eyes within the folds of its ample hood, and took her way towards the little coast town.

At the very entrance of the wood, reclining on a rustic bench which ran around an ancient oak, sat a young girl, beautiful as the autumnal dawn, which was just brightening the eastern sky. She was dressed in the tartan worn by the McLeods; and the gipsy readily divined that she was of no mean birth. Softly the latter made her way towards her, with a deep reverence in her look and manner, and begged the lady to hear her prophecy of the future.

Flora McLeod looked earnestly into the woman's bronzed face, and consented; for in its smooth olive tint, and the pleasant-looking eyes, she saw nothing to alarm or disgust her. On the contrary, she was pleased with the expression of simple good nature which met her gaze.

A moment more, and the gipsy's hand closed over the shining coin, and Flora was listening to a tale of coming destiny, more brilliant than her own dreams had ever conjured up. To be wedded to a brave and high-born husband, to live in a grand castle, and have a train of devoted servants, to be the mother of two fair sons, was surely a fate that would make a girl's heart beat high; and Flora, bred as she had been in retirement and simplicity, could not help showing a little girlish exultation, even in the gipsy's presence.

The woman's next words made Flora's heart almost cease its pulsations, although she rallied, a moment after, into a fit of real girlish laughter, and forgot the prophecy almost as soon as it was uttered.

"There's a cloud over ivery house, a bare skiliton in ivery cupboard," the woman had said; "and yer awn won't be free from the ban. Yer lordly husband will forsake yer for anither, and yer will gang home to to dee by yer mither's side."

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When Allan McDonald, or, as he was called in the Highlands, Allan Mclan, came wooing at the house of Gavan McLeod, asking for the hand of his daughter Flora, the latter had buried the gipsy's words in utter oblivion. She forgot everything, save that he was the master of Castle Terrim, and the last representative of the Clanronalds; that he was a handsome, stately man, towards whom she could indulge in no passionate tenderness, but whom she could love with the secure tranquillity which was a part of her nature.

It was not thus that the ardent heart of her husband wished to be loved. He would fain have desired some deeper sentiment, some counterpart of his own impassioned nature, to which the humdrum serenity of their daily life was gall and bitterness.

The birth of a son divided the intensity of his love, and softened his impetuous nature; by forming another channel for its escape; while, with Flora, it also assumed a new phase—that of increased and intensified emotion. Her son's birth awoke a new feeling, akin to worship, in her gentle heart. Loving the child to idolatry, some portion of her surplus affection rested lovingly upon her husband. Never had he seemed so perfect in her eyes as when she came to regard him as the father of the young cherub she adored.

Flora named the boy Robert: and her husband did not seem displeased that he did not bear his name. She taught him, from year to year, the arts for which she was herself so distinguished. Music was her passion, while painting and poetry were ever a resource to which mother and son turned with delight.

In such genial companionship, the lady of Clanronald did not miss that of her husband. She believed him devoted to all brave and noble exploits; to feats of strength and prowess; and even when long absent from home, she did not feel any anxiety, as she knew him to be as skilful in all his sports as he was courageous.

Meantime, Robert McDonald was growing almost beyond a woman's society. He longed for the hunter's toil—the hunter's perils. The wild woods had a charm for his eager, active mind, and his mother found a rival in these absorbing pleasures. It was only when left alone, as she now often was, that she started with terror, to feel that she was but second in the affections of both father and son. Until then she had consoled herself for the easy neglect of the one by the warm affection and gentle companionship of the other.

Impatient at the loneliness of her situation, and feeling deeply the void which surrounded her, she one day went alone to the forest to await her son. Afraid to tempt its deeper recesses, she lingered long upon the old, half-ruined bench that had once held her youthful figure, while the gipsy had unrolled the page of prophecy, and read to her the weird scroll.

"After all, the gipsy was an impostor," she said, half aloud. "My life has been serene enough, and I seem in no danger of being returned to my father's house a deserted wife. My Robert is the dearest child that ever gladdened a mother's heart; and if Allan does not love me with the passionate regard which some women demand, why," she continued, half laughingly, "I receive as much as I give, and I can expect nor more."

As if to answer all her words, and to stir up jealousy in that easy, gentle heart, the very person of whom she was thinking met her eye at that instant. Unchanged, bold, and beautiful as ever, her fiery eyes unsoftened, her smooth cheek unwrinkled, and her hair unfaded, she came with light, elastic step into the lady's presence, and threw herself down upon the grass at her feet. But how could she know Flora, altered as she was from the slight, girlish figure, to a woman, full of the matured graces of wifehood and motherhood? She did know her, and accosted her with a half-bold, half-respectful demeanor.

"Ye're a braw leddy noo, I see; not much like the wee bit of flesh ye were saxteen year agone, when I kim to this verra place, and told ye what was kim to pass."

"But you were a false prophet," said Flora, "for I am an honored wife and a happy mother still. Woman, it was cruel to try a young heart thus, for the sake of money! Had I not been so kindly cared for, I should have laid your false words to heart, and must have been an unhappy creature all these years."

"I told ye nathing but truth," said the gipsy, doggedly. "Ye are born, my leddy, but ye are not buried."

"Is that a threat?" asked Flora, hastily, and with some emotion.

The woman looked up at her with a scornful expression in her eyes—so scornful, that Flora could not bear it, and clasped her hands over her own.

"Nell doesn't want to tell the leddy," said the gipsy. "She will go away, and never be seen here again. Farewell—I come no more."

She rose, gathered her scarlet cloak around her with a sort of wild grace, and waving her hand, was passing into the forest, when Flora, now thoroughly roused, seized her arm.

"Tell me—tell me now, if it kills me!" she shrieked, at the same time dropping a large silver coin at the woman's feet.

She picked it up, placed it in Flora's unwilling hand, and, holding out her own, she said, quietly, "The leddy must cross Nell's palm first."

Flora did as she was desired, and then came the direful story:

"Aweil, aweil," said the gipsy, "it's hard tellin' ye; but yonder boat that's on the river hauds the laird, and ye ken the young leddy by his side is no his wife. She, pur foolish thing, will be here before lang, thinkin' herse the true wife, and ye only the sister of Allan o' Clanronald. Hoo wad ye bear it, puir lassie?"

Flora put up her hand, as if to implore her to cease speaking, but the hand fell powerless by her side, and she sank upon the greensward, lifeless as a stricken deer.

"Oh, wha hae I done? wha hae I done?" cried the gipsy, frightened at the pallid face that gleamed up from the green bed on which lay the lady of Clanronald.

She strove to restore her by the aid of water, and soon succeeded. Flora begged her to leave her alone, that she might think a little before she returned home. The woman threw herself upon her knees, passionately begging her forgiveness, and urging her to go away to her father's house, before she was more deeply insulted.

* * * * * *

In one of his wild wanderings from his home, Allan McDonald had found shelter in the domain of McLeane, Laird of Duart, a neighboring chief. The storm that drove him thither had drenched him through; and to prevent illness, he was put to bed, and did not leave it for several days.

Recovered at length, he was perfectly

fascinated by the attractions of the laird's two daughters, who did the honors of the house. Struck by the grace and beauty of Alice, the youngest, he lingered on, until he had charmed her as the snake charms the silly bird. She did not know that he was married; nor, in the wildness of her passion for the bold, bad man, did she stop to ask if it were lawful for him to love her. Had she lived centuries later, she would have adopted Moore's lawless lines;—

I know not—I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art,

In a moment of utter forgetfulness of all that held her to father or sister or home—of, all, indeed, save the bold, handsome stranger,—she fled with him, to bring disgrace upon another home, where dwelt a virtuous wife and an innocent son.

* * * * * *

The gipsy had been gone but half an hour, when Flora, looking from the window him, beheld her husband disembark from the little boat that had brought him and his victim to her very door. She did not wait to be insulted by their presence; but throwing on a cloak, she seized Robert by the hand, and passed quickly out by the great front gate, just as they were entering the postern. Two of the servants obeyed her directions in launching a boat, to convey her to her father's house. One of them, catching sight of his master's boat, said, "We can take this, my leddy."

She shuddered, and turned deathly pale.

"Not that, Sandy, not that!" she said. "It is freighted with curses!"

"Is the mistress daft, Davie?" said his companion. "I niver heard her talk that lik till noo."

"Pl'ech, Sandy! mind your ears noo," returned Davie. "Sma' business to be watchin' your betters."

Old McLeod met them at the door, and took the poor pale-lipped woman and the frightened boy to his arms and heart.

"I was just coming for you, dear," he said. "You need not speak now," he added, "for I know all. McLeane has been here, almost frantic at his daughter's flight. Thank God, my daughter is too pure and good to herd with such as she. You shall never leave me again."

Silently she listened to all her father said, thinking, perhaps, that Heaven was good in giving her father and son; but still the sorrow pierced deeply to a heart like hers. She had loved her husband with no passionate or romantic love; but she had believed in his perfect faith and purity, and her heart was broken by the shock.

* * * * * *

McLeane went that night to Castle Terrim. He could not believe, until his eyes saw, that McDonald would carry Alice to his own home. Long and loud were his denunciations of its master, and bitterly did he reproach his daughter for bringing shame upon him and her innocent young sister. It was all in vain.

"I love him, father, and I will never leave him," was her only reply.

"Love him!" repeated the heart-broken old man. "May Heaven curse you both—the base betrayer and the weak betrayed!"

He left them to return to the broken flower of his home—the sweet young girl, whose head was bowed in shame for her sister, and who never left the house again until she was carried out on her bier. The father, wandering about, half crazed, calling upon his daughters, was an object of the deepest commiseration to all.

Meantime, the healing dews of time were falling upon the heart of Flora. Her father and son were all to her that the most devoted love could prompt them to be. For their sakes she tried to take an interest in her books, her music, and her flowers; and the effort brought her peace, if not happiness.

One day she was uneasy and restless, without any apparent cause, and they had persuaded her to have her palfrey saddled, and ride with them to a pretty glen, a few miles distant.

While waiting for her, McLeod was called out, held a hurried communication with a man at the door, in which loud and indignant words were heard by Flora, whose window overlooked the spot where they were uttered. When the father and son sought her for whom they waited in vain, she was sitting, like a ghastly corpse, at the window, rigid and motionless. She had heard all. The man had come with a verbal order for Robert McDonald to come to his father's home in a week from that day, there to remain permanently.

It was dreadful to behold the wild sorrow of the boy, the deep, settled grief of Flora, and the stormy indignation of her father. The desertion of McDonald, and even the shame, wrought no such woe as this. To give up her beloved, her innocent child, to the guidance of the woman who now queened it at Castle Terrim, was more than the bitterness of death to poor harassed Flora. Already, a child had been born to McDonald, whose mother was to act as guide to her pure, uncontaminated son. How could she bear this and live? When the boy was at length carried away by the stern command of his father, she was insensible to all around her. She never saw her son again!

* * * * * *

Wallace McDonald grew up with many an evil passion inherent in his nature. Strong of limb, bold and cunning, inheriting his mother's fierce and passionate nature, he soon lorded it over the gentle son of Flora. Alice hated Robert because he was Flora's child; and although many years older than Wallace, she always insisted that he should give precedence to the latter.

As he grew older one wild wish arose in her heart, growing with her son's growth, and strengthening with his strength. It was that he should be the heir, instead of Robert. The wish was parent to the deed. There came a morning when the elder boy was missing, and the perturbation in the lady's countenance was mistaken by no one for sorrow.

* * * * * *

The news only brought a single pang more to the heart of Flora.

"He is dead!" she moaned. "He is dead, and I shall join him in Heaven. Thank Heaven, some one has removed him from the wiles of that woman!"

She died, unconscious that it was her rival's hand that had removed him.

* * * * * *

Castle Terrim is now but a pile of loose stones, which no one dares to remove; for it is haunted, they say, by the spirit of the gipsy.

OLD SIGHT.

This is one of the many troubles that often come with advancing years. About the age of 40 to 50 the patient begins to notice that he has involuntarily acquired the habit of holding his book or paper at a greater distance from his eyes than he formerly did, because he finds he cannot read distinctly at a distance of twelve or fourteen inches. After this has gone on for some time, he experiences unwonted fatigue in the eye after reading or writing, and the fatigue is especially marked when engaged in reading at night. This feeling of fatigue is soon following by increased sensitiveness to light and general irritability of the eye.

As the affection of the sight increases, the letters or lined of printed matter appear blurred or run into each other: and, if reading be persisted in actual pain is experienced in the eyes, which compels the reader to place his book aside. Every one will have felt the relief that comes to an overworked eye when the vision is directed from the object or page in use to more distant objects, and how much distress is caused by the attempt to return to reading, writing, etc. This common failure of vision is one needing careful and especially early attention; that is, it must be recognized early, since, if reading or fine work be persisted in without the aid of proper glasses some serious disease of the eye may follow.

The defect is not always detected by the patient as early as it might be; for instance, such a patient will explain to the doctor that he is very much troubled with headaches, or pain in the head, which he has for long considered to arise from biliousness, and that no form of medicine affords any relief. In many such cases the pain in the head—with increasing antipathy to do literary or fine work—simply arises from the fact that one or both eyes fail to focus near objects, and the attempts of the patient to see cause continual irritation of the optic nerve, which is in direct communication with the brain.

Many a persistent headache has been banished forever by the employment of a properly adjusted pair of spectacles, not, however, by a pair chosen at random from a heap lying on the counter of a general dealer, but such as can only be obtained by consulting some one who has made this subject a special study. "Old sight" often comes upon us very insidiously, and the patient may, as we have said, be somewhat slow in noting that he has acquired the habit of holding his printed matter at a distance from his eyes; yet, it may come on rather suddenly after a severe illness, accident, or mental worry, and under these circumstances we must be prepared to meet "old sight" at a much earlier age than that mentioned.

A Device for producing dimples has come into use into London. It is applied in connection with a wire mask, which is worn on going to bed. A number of screws are so arranged that they force pencil points to press against the chin just where the dimples are desired.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Those who have tried the experiment affirm that a large sponge hung in the room at night or in the day time, if it can be behind a convenient screen, and kept constantly wet, will greatly assist in keeping the room cold, or a cloth hung in the window over the blind will cool the room as if a shower had fallen. All know how fresh water, sprinkled on the pavement in front of all the windows and doors, will freshen the hot, dry air. This is something to remember when the hot nights are upon us.

The Southern Tradesman, of Chattanooga, has made a statistical examination of the wages paid to white and black wage-earners. Replies were received from nearly 100 000 employers, showing that 58 per cent. of the employes were white and 42 per cent were black. One-third of the whole number were classed as skilled laborers, only 10 per cent. being black. Skilled laborers are paid an average of $2.51 per day for whites and $1.58 for blacks; unskilled whites average per day $1.14; blacks, $1.02.

Out of a steer weighing 1000 pounds there is obtained only 180 pounds of really choice meat, two ribs and two loins, which are sold to fancy butchers and hotel men for 18 to 20 cents a pound, while the rest of the animal is worth only from 3 to 11 cents. An average sized hotel of the first class takes $1100 worth of beef a month. By the time the bone is taken out every pound of beef that goes on the table in a swell hostelrie costs 50 cents a pound, which goes far toward explaining the logic of the rates charged by such establishments.

Prof. Michael I. Pupin, of Columbia College, claims to have made certain discoveries which have just been embodied in United States patents, which would seem to solve all of the theoretical and many of the practical difficulties, and offer possibilities, with a chance for profit, for extending telephone lines not only all over the land, but even under seas, and do a great many other things in the way of using electrical energy, which, for the reasons given, and others, have heretofore been considered either absolutely impossible or only possible at a cost which was prohibitive.

A most original attempt at jail breaking, which nearly resulted fatally, is described in a Peru, Indiana, despatch. It reads: "Four prisoners in the penitentiary secured a rubber hose used for scrubbing purposes and fastened one end over a natural gas flambeau. By lighting the other end they could reach any part of the cells. With this the solid stone walls were heated, and by dashing cold water thereon, and the use of stones, a hole a foot square was made. When discovered the prisoners were nearly through the outer bars and almost suffocated by escaping gas."

A Syracuse paper has classified a new type of disagreeable people whom it calls "Hinkmuks." It says they belittle the efforts of the generous and public spirited by their cantankerous criticisms. They find fault where no fault exists. They suspect worthy people of ulterior motives, of esoteric purposes when their liberality exceeds that by which they themselves have been able to gain a little praise. They are, in some instances, led around by the nose by brainier men, who use them as tongs to pull chestnuts out of the fire. They do more to embarrass progress and the development of a progressive spirit than a swarm of seventeen-year locusts.

The exhibition epidemic is raging the world over. Not only have all the capitals of Europe some kind of an international show running this year, but very many of the smaller cities have an exhibition on their hands. The United Exhibitions at Milan were opened May 6. They comprise 10 exhibitions, of fine arts, oils, wines and other specialities. An International Sanitary and Health Exhibition is to be held in Boulogne from July to September next. An International Exhibition opens at Bucharest August 26 and closes November 12. And now Tasmania comes forward with an invitation to the world to participate in an International Exhibition at Hobart November 15 next.

A paragraph in the Pall Mall Budget, reads as follows: "It is a pity that the Americans are not allowed to buy Stratford-on Avon and transport it to the States. They would at least treat it with the respect it deserves, which is more than we do. A short time ago the carved oak doors, which were placed at the north end of the church a century before Shakespeare was born, were temporarily removed, whereupon a utilitarian church warden sold them as lumber. The purchaser intends to build a pig stye with them. Those of the inhabitants who have heard of Shakespeare are indignant. And so what the purchaser bought at the price of a pig stye he is willing to resell at the price of historic relics."

ANYTHING FOR A RHYME.—The parish clerk of a certain village was a bit of a poet. One day he came to the vicar.

"Well, Thomas, what is it?"

"Well, you see, sir, one of the hymns for next Sunday has got in it—

'And may our hearts in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.'

Now there ain't many of our people as have ever seen a harp, so it don't convey no meanin' to 'em. If you don't mind, sir, I should just like to alter it. They do know what a violin is like, for old David Jones leads the choir with one. Don't you think it would sound better to say—

'And may our hearts be tuned within
Like Uncle David's violin'?"

The vicar smiled and said, "Not at all bad, Thomas. Very well."

When the time came, however, for reading out the hymns in morning service, old Thomas had forgotten the little slip of paper on which he had written the lines. He tried to do without it.

"And may our hearts—
And may our hearts—"

but stuck fast. No; he couldn't think how it went. At last a bright thought flashed through his mind, and he gave out triumphantly—

"And may our hearts go iddle diddle
Like Uncle David's little fiddle."

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

Girls at the Saco (Me.) Academy, in a desire to emphasize their dislike of an order compelling them to wear gingham on graduation day, dressed a dummy in a gingham gown. They couldn't get it to the top of the academy flag pole without the help of the boys, however, which is another proof of the advantages of the co-education of the sexes.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

ROBIN'S SURPRISE.

BY T. S. C.

"OH, mother, it was good of you to make me this lovely red cloak and bonnet! They're just like the ones I hoped I should have for my birthday present in the shops."

"And now you really have got your wish, my Robin?"

"They must have cost a lot of money, mamsie pet. Could you spare all that really—really?"

The eyes of Robin's pale young mother filled.

"Yes, my child; I could spare it."

Little Robina Fanshawe was only five years old, yet already she had seen some of the shadows of life. She knew that she and her mother were ever so much poorer than the ladies and little girls they passed in the lively high street of Westleigh. She knew that all the beautiful needlework her mother did was done for other people, who paid for it. And she understood only too well that none of the delightful things she saw in the shop windows were for her own darling mother.

Still, they got a great deal of pleasure from seeing them, just lately especially. Robin's birthday and her mother's came close together; and it was the little girl's favorite amusement, out walking, to play with her mother at choosing presents for each other in the shop windows.

Taking Robin's hand in hers, Mr. Fanshawe went out into the quiet little street.

At the bottom of the street they turned to the right, and before them lay the busy thoroughfare with its brilliant shops and gay crowds.

Just then a handsome carriage, drawn by two spirited horses, dashed along the road. In it were seated two ladies and an old gentleman.

Mrs. Fanshawe started as her eyes fell on the occupants of the carriage, and the hand that was holding Robin's tightened its grasp so sharply that the child cried out in pain. Looking up at her mother's face, into which a sudden flush of color had come, she cried

"Oh, mother, mother! what's the matter?"

"Nothing, dear; that carriage——"

"Were you frightened, mother? Did you think the horses were running away?"

"Let us look at these pictures, dear."

Mrs. Fanshawe stopped before a photographer's window, and seemed lost in thought.

"You know you are to choose your present to day," said Robin.

"So I am. Well, love, I have just this minute thought what I would like above all things—a picture of you in your new suit."

"What a funny present to choose, mother!"

"But, after all, I have your own self, Robin; so I can choose something else, if you like."

"Oh no, mother; I think that will do very nicely."

Mrs. Fanshawe smiled. Then she said—

"Darling, if you won't mind very much, I should like to go home again. I am very, very tired this afternoon."

Robin did mind a great deal; but she swallowed the big lump that came into her throat, and turned quietly back.

It was still quite early in the afternoon, and when they reached home, Mrs. Fanshawe said—

"It is a pity, dear, for you to come in so soon. Take your hoop and run up and down the street for a little."

Robin was only too pleased to go, for a thought had entered her head, and she wanted to be out of doors by herself for a little while.

She ran down the street and went on until she reached the photographer's shop. Without a moment's hesitation she walked straight in.

The shop was empty, but a man with a very kind face suddenly appeared behind the corner and said, with a smile—

"What can I do for you, my little lady?"

Robin tip toed up to the counter.

"Please," she began, "will you make my picture?"

"Who are you?" asked the photographer.

"Oh, I'm Robin. Mrs. Fanshawe's little girl. Mother does so want a picture of me for her birthday. I would keep very still."

"Did your mamma send you?"

"Oh, no; it's a secret, you know. Mother had a secret from me; to-day's my birthday, and she gave me this cloak."

"I see!"

"It's the best thing I can think of. Other presents cost money, you know. But if you were to make a picture of me, I would only have to stand very still for a long time, and I think—yes, I think I could manage that."

"Haven't you any pocket money, then, to buy a present for mamma?"

Robin shook her head.

"What is your proper name? Robin is only mamma's pet name for you, I suppose?"

"Robina is my name. It is mother's as well."

"And where do you live?"

"In Acacia Road. We have lodgings. Will you make my picture now, please?"

"If you come here to-morrow morning about ten, dressed just as you are now, I'll take your photograph," said the man, after thinking for a moment. "I'll give you one for yourself."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Robin. "Yes, I'll come!"

And away she bounded, and kept running up and down Acacia Road until her mother knocked at the window to call her in.

Next morning Robin asked leave to take a little run by herself. She rushed away, with her heart beating very fast lest her mother should tell her not to go out of Acacia Road.

The photographer took her into his studio and said to a man who was waiting there—

"Here is the little Robin."

"Perch up here, then, Robin," said the man; and he mounted Robin on a low chair, placed a basket in one of her hands and a bunch of paper flowers in the other, and told her to look up at a picture on the wall.

In a second, as it seemed to Robin, he said

"That will do. Now sit down for a few minutes."

Soon he came back to say the picture was very nice, and she might run away.

The photographer stopped her in the shop to ask for her full name and address, and told her to come again in ten days for the picture.

"Then it will be ready for the birthday," said Robin, "for that's twelve days after mine."

What work Robin had to keep from telling her secret all those ten days! But at last they were gone, and she got leave one afternoon to run "just a tiny way" down the High Street.

She went quickly to the photographer's. At the door stood the large handsome carriage she had seen one day before.

Two young ladies and an old gentleman were standing at the counter. The ladies were looking at some colored photographs which Robin's "kind man" had mounted as fancy pictures for birthday cards.

"'Little Red Riding Hood brings greeting and fond love from your friend——' That's pretty. Look, Alice."

"How sweet! Is that taken from life, Mr. Thompson?"

"Yes, madam," replied the photographer. "Come here, Robin. This, ladies, is the original."

"What a darling!" cried the ladies. "Look, grandpapa."

"Robin? Who said Robin?" asked the old gentleman in very excited tones.

"What a quaint name!" said one of the girls.

"So you've come for the picture, Miss Robina?" said the photographer.

"Yes, please," answered the child, looking up.

The light from the gas-jets fell upon the little girl's face, and the old gentleman, catching sight of it, exclaimed, to everybody's surprise—

"It is Robin! It is my Robin!"

"Grandpapa, what are you thinking of?" cried one of the young ladies, laying her hand on the old gentleman's arm.

But the old gentleman took no notice.

"What is your name, child? Tell me at once!" he said in sharp short tones, turning to little Robin.

But the child was frightened by the gentleman's stormy manner of speaking. Great tears rose in her eyes, and she could not speak.

"The little girl's name is Robina Fanshawe, sir," said the photographer. "She is the daughter of a widow lady in reduced circumstances, who takes in fine needlework. Here, child, take your picture, and give it to mamma with Mr. Thompson's compliments."

Robin darted away without even stopping to say "Thank you."

"Mother, mother!" she cried, rushing in. "I've such a lot to tell you. And I can't keep my grand surprise for your birthday. You gave me my wish, and I've given you yours. See!"

She put the picture into her mother's hands.

"Why, Robin, it's your own self, red cloak and all. Tell me, dear, how you got it."

But just then a great rat-tat-tat came at the door, and before Robin could answer, the landlady threw open the door and said—

"A gentleman to see you, ma'am."

"Father!"

Robin's mother cried just this one word, and the old gentleman who had been at the photographer's opened his arms and drew Mrs. Fanshawe to his breast.

"My Robin, my Robin! child, child! Found at last! Oh, Robin, my daughter, why did you never come back to me?"

Mrs. Fanshawe was sobbing in the old man's arms, and it was a long time before little Robin understood what had happened. Indeed, she never really did until she was much older. All she realized now was that she had a grandpapa of her own like other girls, and that mamma would not have to sew any more for other people.

When she grew up she learned that Mrs. Fanshawe had displeased her father by marrying a poor artist, and that in his anger he had refused ever to see her or her husband again.

But Mrs. Fanshawe was his favorite child, and the accidents which had first brought him to stay with his eldest daughter, who had lately come to live near Westleigh, and then had made him meet Robin at the photographer's, gave a happy ending to a story that had been very sad.

You may be sure Mr. Thompson was thanked and well paid for taking the picture, and that Robin received and gave real birthday presents when the time came round again.

FRYING-PAN AND FIRE.—"Out of the way, don't lie on my beautiful white feather," said a quill pen to a slate pencil. "It's ridiculous of Betsy to put a common creature like you in the doctor's pen tray. I don't mind associating with steel pens or lead pencils—but you!"

"I'm so sorry," said the pencil meekly; "I've been trying not to hurt your lovely white feather; perhaps you will allow me to lie down upon your inky part?"

"Well, you must find a place somewhere, I suppose," snapped the quill.

So the pencil crept down to the point of the pen, and remained very quiet and still, indeed, whilst the quill kept muttering aloud fragments of Latin and Greek to show the pencil what a scholar he was. Presently the study door opened, and Goldilocks, the doctor's little naughter, peeped in.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty Betsy!" she cried to the maid who was dusting and tidying up; "you mustn't put my dear little slate pencil with papa's quill pen!"

"My gracious!" cried Betsy. "But you love your papa, miss, don't you?"

"Yes, but I don't like papa's quill pen, when all day long it's scribbling nasty prescriptions for little boys and girls, and it shan't have my dear little slate pencil to play with—so there!"

* * * * * *

"What an idiotic pen!" cried the doctor that same evening, as the quill, instead of attending to his master's business, spluttered out his troubles all over a clean sheet of paper. "Fine feathers may make fine birds, but they certainly do not make the best of pens. So here you go, sir, under the grate."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a heap of grimy little cinders. "Out of the frying-pan into the fire, Mr. Quill! This comes of thinking yourself better than your neighbor."

And in his heart of hearts, wherever that part of him was I certainly believe Mr. Quill must have thought so too.

THE OSTRICH.—In Africa the eggs of the domesticated ostrich frequently form a considerable item in the bushman's cuisine, and are esteemed by the hunters. When a nest is met with, it is often difficult to know how to carry away the eggs, and frequently the jacket is taken off to form a temporary sack. The ostrich will lay during the course of a year about fifty eggs, of an average weight of over three pounds which would represent nearly one thousand eggs of the Spanish fowl. The eggs have a taste somewhat less delicate than those of domestic poultry, but are nevertheless perfectly eatable. The approved method of cooking is to place the egg upright on the fire, and break a hole in the top, through which a forked stick is forced. This is made to rotate by rubbing with the hands, and so beats up the contents while cooking. It is stated that ostrich eggs will keep fresh and eatable for two or three months.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A knowledge of telegraphy is required of Vienna policemen.

A cock fowl on a farm at Somerset, Maine, has adopted a brood of chickens.

The heaviest woods are pomegranate and lignum vitæ, while cork is the lightest.

Joseph Goodett, of Rome, Ga., on a wager, ate three dozen large bananas in 15 minutes.

There are over one hundred deer forests in Scotland, having an area of nearly 2,000,000 acres.

Statistics show that Russia produces and consumes a smaller quantity of beer than any other nation.

An industrious Sedalia, Missouri, burglar went through seven houses in a single night recently.

A patriotic resident of Wheeling, W. Va., claims to have taught his canary to whistle Yankee Doodle.

Eels clogged up the wheels of a grist mill at Howell, Mich., the other day. It took half a day to remove them.

German courts have been asked to decide whether a tooth after being drawn is the property of the dentist or his patient.

A New York street fakir has been selling innocent Gothamites skunk cabbages under the name of Egyptian water lilies.

In Cochin China the parties desiring divorce break a pair of chop sticks in the presence of witnesses and the thing is done.

Paris Socialists have decided to open a theatre for the purpose of presenting their principles to the public in the guise of plays.

Dr. Hyde stated at the recent Medical Congress in Washington that it is believed that there are about 82 lepers now in this country.

Mizpah is a Hebrew word meaning place of prospect. Farewells were often spoken at such place, hence the use of the word on souvenir cards.

Two horses near Upper Sandusky, Ohio, browsing 60 feet apart, are reported to have been killed by the same stroke of lightning the other night.

Under the laws of Bulgaria if a patent medicine is warranted to cure a certain disease and fails to do it the manufacturer can be prosecuted and sent to prison.

In the high mountains of the Alps there are only about 300 particles of dust to the cubic centimetre of air, as compared with nearly a quarter of a million particles in London or Paris.

In the annual parade of truck horses held in London recently there were two gigantic animals each measuring 18 hands—that is, standing 6 feet at the shoulders, and weighing at least a ton.

Some New York cabmen wear in stormy weather waterproof high hats, made of paper, imported from Paris. They are black and of the same style as an ordinary silk hat, but very much lighter.

The Pekin Gazette asserts that 1900 of its editors have been beheaded by the sword. The journal in question claims to have been in existence for 1000 years. The sword is mightier than the pen in Pekin.

A small and exceedingly rare book has just been exhibited in the King's Library, British Museum. It was printed at Rome in 1493, and contains a letter of Columbus, written some months after his discoveries.

Two hyenas in a circus in New York were, a few days ago, placed in a cage with a bear. Apparently because the latter showed a liking for one of the animals the other fiercely attacked the favored one and slew him.

A single match requires about the 150th of a grain of phosphorous for its production, yet the consumption of matches is so large that it is estimated that the total of 120 tons is less than the amount consumed in Europe in their manufacture.

Lewis E. Warner, a 16-year-old boy of Northampton, Mass., has secured a patent on a device for electrical propulsion which does away with the overhead trolley. Authorities who have examined it say that the invention is a practical one.

One of the specifics of the Chinese pharmacopœia consists of the following ingredients: Dried snakes, pulverized, 1 oz.; wasps and their nests, ½ oz.; centipedes, 3 oz.; scorpions, 6 oz.; and toads, 10 oz. These are ground to powder, mixed with honey, and made into pills.

A hundred acres of flowering peas, making a sea of beautiful color and gales of sweet odor, is what the visitor finds on the estate of Timothy Hopkins, at Menlo Park, Cal. Sixty-four distinct varieties are raised there for seed this year, and the business is constantly growing.

Lyman Kilborn, of Logansport, Ind., owns a cat which shows an inordinate fondness for piano playing. Its delight is to stand on the piano stool and strike the keys with its forepaws, and frequently it jumps with all its feet on the key-board, and by leaping about produces as much discordance to the square inch as the average learner.

EVENING AND LOVE.

BY W. W. LONG.

The vesper bells are ringing
Their angelus over the lea,
The robins are calling, calling,
And homeward comes the bee.

The shadows of night are falling
In ghost-lines one by one;
The west is a blaze of glory,
Where sinks the summer sun.

Come out to our tryst, my Mary,
Come out to our trysting stone;
Make my heart leap with gladness,
Ere the evening lights are gone.

Come in the soft light tender,
Falling o'er land and sea;
Come in your stately beauty,
Come, love, here to me.

A ROMAN SUPPER.

It is universally admitted that our ancestors, and more particularly those of Teutonic origin, had "strong stomachs," and like Marryat's Jack Tar—or an ostrich—could almost digest "doornails;" but I am of opinion that in this physical attribute they were altogether surpassed by the mighty men of Rome. What and how these conquerors of the world did eat!

Mighty curious reading are the accounts that have come down to us of the great Roman "spreads," such as that which Lentulus gave on his election to the office of Flamen, or that with which Nasidienus mocked Horace and his friends. The menus on these occasions would strike terror to the heart of a modern "maitre d'hotel," or "chef de cuisine."

What would be thought of a dish of echini, or sea-hedgehogs, of thrushes served up on asparagus, and a fatted hen for course number one? Of haunches of wild venison, and beccaficoes (figpeckers) for the second? Of a sow's udder, a wild boar's cheek, a ragout of fish, ducks, hares, boiled teal, capers, furmenty, and Picentian bread for the third? The wealthy gourmands of Rome cherished a strong partiality for songbirds. Both Horace and Martial refer with approval to roast thrush; and Ovid recommends "a crown of thrushes" as a lover's present to his mistress.

Thrushes' breasts were one of the ingredients of the celebrated Apician dish—which also included beccaficoes, mushrooms, sow's udder, fish and chickens—rivalling the heterogeneous contents of a gipsy's "pot au feu." Horace relates that the sons of Acrius, to stimulate their appetite for dinner, lunched on "nightingales of monstruous price." And Varro tells us of the aviary of Lucullus, which was also a "salle-a-manger," so that the epicure gratified his ears and his palate simultaneously, feasting upon the delicate warblers whose congeners, unconscious of their coming doom, were discoursing meanwhile the most exquisite music.

For fish the Roman appetite was nobly comprehensive. It particularly delighted, as everybody knows, in oysters—in the Rutupian, imported at great cost from the shores of remote Britain, and the Lucrine, which were of home growth. Also in lampreys—of which, as our school histories remind us, Henry the First partook to such an excess as to induce a fatal illness.

Vitilius Pollio fattened them for his table by throwing a disobedient slave now and then into his "vivaria" or fishponds. Julius Cæsar served up six thousand, it is said, at one of his triumphal banquets. Also in mullets, of which the great orator Hortensius was so immoderately fond that for three rather fine ones he once gave a thousand sesterces. Also in the conger-eel, which nowadays seldom appears on our tables except in the form of turtle soup. Also in fat pike, anchovies, sturgeons, mackerel, tunny, turbot, gurnard—the "cornuta," whose horns, says Pliny, were sometimes eighteen inches in length. Also in various kinds of shellfish, such as "balanus," "peloris," and "spondylus."

The principal meal of the Romans was called the "cœna," which, as it was the last meal of the day, is generally translated "supper," but in all essential respects it answered to our modern "dinner," and as such I shall treat of it. Let us attend that which was given in honor of the polite and cultured Augustan statesman Mæcenas by the opulent Nasidienus. The other guests, on this occasion, are three patricians, and Mæcenas has brought with him as his "umbræ," or uninvited guests, a couple of jesters to make sport when the conversation flags. The company is completed by the presence of a "Nomenclator," whose duty it is to point out with his forefinger any dish that seems likely to escape observation, and thus to prevent the cook's labors from being uselessly expended.

What the cost of it may have been, Nasidienus does not inform us. On one occasion, however, Lucullus—of whom hereafter—spent one thousand pounds, though there were only three persons at table—Cicero, Pompey and himself. Vitellius is said to have wasted three thousand pounds on his dinner daily, but in these figures I suspect a good deal of exaggeration.

That was an ingenious idea of the Emperor Geta—as many courses at dinner as there were letters in the Latin alphabet and in each course the name of every dish to begin with the same letter as that of the course. I strongly recommend it to the notice of the millionaires who nowadays advertise themselves into notoriety by giving dinners. First is served up a Lucanian wild boar, captured when the southern airs blew gently, and, therefore, supposed to be of exceptional tenderness. Around it lie heaps of rape, lettuce and radish; also a liberal supply of skirwort, pickled shad, and the acid lees of Coan wine, all intended to stimulate a jaded appetite. Next a pile of plaice and turbot smokes upon the board, accompanied by a plentiful provision of honey-apples—"melimela," which, however, ought properly to be reserved for a later stage of the repast. Then a lamprey, surrounded by floating prawns; the fish being full of spawn, its flesh is uncommonly firm and good. There are also home-brewed wines; oil from the famed vats of Venafrum; a vinegar made from Lesbian wine, and white pepper. To say nothing of the stewed elecampane and the pickled green walnuts—two dishes which Nasidienus claims as of his own invention. The last course which he sets before his guests includes a crane, cut up and grilled, and freely besprinkled with flour and salt; the livers of geese which have been fattened upon luscious figs; "the wings of hares," roasted blackbirds—which reminds us of the "four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie" of nursery fame; and ring-doves fricasseed.

Grains of Gold.

When love works it never looks at the clock.

Covetousness is the mother of all other sins.

Every difficulty overcome is made a stepping stone.

Money can be recovered, but an hour lost is gone forever.

The man who minds his own business can always be kept busy.

Man's plan of salvation always begins and ends in his own work.

Thoughts are threads into which the web of character is woven.

The more you love yourself the less you will be loved by others.

Nothing can make us richer that does not make us more thankful.

Our heaviest burdens are those we have no business to pick up.

Smiles from reason flow, to brute denied, and are of love the food.

Worship is slain when we go to the altar to demand pay for our work.

There are too many people who only listen to the sermon for their neighbors when they go to church.

Femininities.

Lewis Schiller, of Allentown, Pa., is the father of 29 children, 17 of whom are living.

A little girl was punished for doing wrong, when she said: "Oh, those commandments do break awfully easy!"

You can always tell the novice in love-making when he asks for "just one kiss." As though such a thing ever existed!

Grace: "You ask me to marry you. Can you not read your answer in my face!" Ned, cruelly: "Yes; it is very plain."

According to a decision of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, women cannot practice as attorneys-at-law in that State.

There are more than 2000 girl students at present in the London Guildhall School of Music, and of these about 300 are studying the violin.

Girls who contemplate purchasing a bicycle would do well to harden their muscles in advance by running their mother's sewing machine or rocking the baby.

When you see a young man and woman walking down the street, leaning on each other like a pair of badly-matched oxen, it is a pretty good sign that they are bent on consolidation.

There is a woman in San Francisco who makes a business of hunting up missing heirs to estates. She travels all over the country, and has been very successful, deriving, it is said, a handsome income from her peculiar occupation.

Mrs. Charles E. Longley, of Providence, R. I., has just had a policy of $100,000 issued upon her life by a Boston insurance company. It is said to be the first time that a policy for so large an amount has been issued upon a woman's life.

"Brownstone has cured his wife of everlasting talking."

"How, for goodness' sake?"

"He told her that she looked prettier with her mouth closed, and now she can hardly be induced to utter a syllable."

"Well, Willie, how do you like it?" asked the fond mamma when her angel child returned from the first day at the public school. "Oh, ripping," ejaculated the cherub, with a new light in his eyes. "But, ma, don't call me 'Willie' my name's Bill."

A literary novelty of a rather striking character is promised in London. A couple of writers who have collaborated in producing a work of fiction intend to have the book printed in two different kinds of type, so that the reader may be able to read at a glance which author he is perusing.

Miss Sallie French, of St. Louis, who is reputed to be the only woman pilot in the country, was made a member of Harbor 28, United States Association of Pilots, a few days ago. She is 22 years old, and spent fifteen years on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, which streams she knows thoroughly.

An eminent doctor has said that the very best physical exercise for keeping a girl in perfect health is riding. This, however, is only obtainable by a small percentage of girls. Next to it, for healthfulness, the same authority places fencing. The wash-tub and scrub-brush will do for the girl's mother.

She had risen several times to let a little man pass out between the acts.

"I am very sorry to disturb you, madam," he remarked apologetically, as he went out for the fourth time.

"Don't mention it," she replied pleasantly. "I am happy to oblige you; my husband keeps the bar."

Young lady: "I am tired of living on my relatives, and want to be independent."

Employment agent: "I might get you a place in a store."

"That won't do. I'd be under some one's orders continually. I want to be independent of everything and everybody."

"Ah, I see. I'll get you a place as cook."

The editor of a Boston paper gives this bit of advice to his readers of the fair sex: A neat way to send kisses to a sweetheart through the mail is to use a pencil when writing; and everytime the end of it becomes wet, making, of course, a blacker mark, that constitutes a kiss. We used to do this, and nearly every other word was as black as jet.

A New York salesman, whose trade is with dry goods houses, says he has noticed a growing habit east of the Bowery on the part of women to wear wigs. The wigs are of no particular color, but all of one style. They are not short and curly, but are designed to give the effect of straight hair, parted in the middle, drawn tightly across the temples, and confined in a net behind. Some are made of hair, but others are of dyed linen threads.

Stanley Brown, who was private Secretary to President Garfield, and who married his only daughter, has resigned an $1800 clerkship in Washington to accept a position with the Seal Company on the Pacific coast. It is rarely the case that the daughter of a President is so utterly lost to sight in the social world as was the daughter of Mr. Garfield. Mrs. Brown lived in Washington for years so obscurely that her presence there was known to only a few personal friends. Her simple tastes and limited means doubtless combined to prompt her to a life of comparative seclusion.

Masculinities.

Charity ought to be the religion of the whole world.

It is surprising how much we will take from a rich uncle—if we can get it.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.

The woman with a horse and buggy never acts quite as her neighbors would like to have her.

"I never have any luck," groaned Chipsley. "You are fortunate. I have plenty, and it's all bad."

You may not have noticed it, but you will find that the man who shakes hands the hardest is the hardest to shake.

Sir Charles Sargent, Chief Justice of Bombay, is in London for a brief holiday, after an absence of 30 years in India.

He: I—I would propose to—to you if I knew what to say.

She: You wouldn't if you know what I'd say.

In Europe during the early years of the middle ages no woman was allowed to appear in church unless her face was covered with a veil.

Some one of large experience says there are no less than 827 different terms in the English language which express the state of being in love.

Mrs. Mary Palmer, an aged resident of Waukegan, Ill., has been married three times, her husband on all three occasions being named Palmer.

Dr. John Contee Fairfax, of Maryland, is the only English peer who is an American citizen. He has never taken his seat in the House of Lords.

"You look," said an Irishman to a pale, haggard smoker, "as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar and couldn't find your way back again."

Here are the names and ages of four notable New York men: Roswell P. Flower, 59 years; David B. Hill, 51; Edward Murphy, 56, and Grover Cleveland, 37.

It hardly pays wasting your time telling a boy what you did when you were of his age. He would rather pass the time telling you what he is going to do when he becomes a man.

J. C. Pelton, who in 1849 laid the foundation of the present public school system of California, is still living in San Diego, old, infirm and poor, and a benefit is being arranged for him.

Tommy, at the beach: What are the wild waves saying, mamma?

Mamma: I'm sure I don't know.

Tommy: Well, I do; they are saying they wisht little Tommy Jinks would come in swimming.

Ashford Taylor, who is named as a grandson of President Taylor, disappeared from Denver, Colorado, recently, after a two-months' stay, and already six women have turned up who claim that he promised to marry them.

One of the wealthiest and most prosperous tradesmen of London can neither read nor write. The flourishing condition of his business is apparent from the statement that he has recently been defrauded of $500,000 without knowing it.

J. B. Colvan, of Ypsilanti, Mich., has a 3-year-old hopeful who thinks the world of his father and likes to imitate him in everything. His latest escapade was to cut all the hair off the back of his head in imitation of the bald spot on his father's cranium.

Rev. Andrew Jackson Potter has announced himself as a candidate for Sheriff of Tom Green county, Texas. As this is the gentleman who took two large revolvers into the pulpit with him in Uvalde, Texas, about 5 years ago, and told some plain truths to a crowd of toughs who had run several other clergymen out of the town, he will be apt to get a fair count.

Band leader: You vant us to blay mit der funeral? Vas it a military funeral?

Stranger: No; it's the funeral of my brother. He was a private citizen. He requested that your band should play at his funeral.

Band leader, proudly: My band, eh? Vy he choose my band?

Stranger: He said he wanted everybody to feel sorry he died.

Visitor: And how did my little pet like the theatre?

Little Girl: Not very much. The actors didn't act as if they was just actin'; they acted as if it was all so, and that made me uncomfortable.

Why?

I felt just as if I was peekin' through a keyhole into somebody else's house.

The young ladies of the Newark, N. J., Normal School have set an example worthy of widest imitation in petitioning against the holding of public graduation exercises on account of the expense thereby entailed on the city and the individual members of the class. Commencement day, with its many frills, has come to be an annual tax, and in times like these only indispensable taxation should be maintained.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Plain skirts and those which are narrowly trimmed prevail over the more elaborate ones. The latest skirt is 6 yards around the bottom if the material is silk or any thin stuff. It is cut like a bell skirt in front and at the sides, while at the back there are three breadths of silk, with additional width given to each one at the bottom by sewing on gores. These are sloped off quite narrow at the top and made to stand out in round folds from the waist by the means of a stiff interlining. To insure an even appearance around the edge the breadths have to be cut in scallops. Draperies are very chary about asserting their disadvantages, for they haven't many points of recommendation and are still in the minority. If one combination of color can be more fashionable than another, it is black and white.

For tennis, yachting and outdoor sports nothing yet invented quite takes the place of serge for these gowns, but the spirit of decoration has invaded this variety of dress. Colored and white linens are used for those costumes, and this season they are combined with serge in one suit. A white linen coat called "Garcon a Cafe" barely reaches to the waist. This is worn over a white serge skirt and a bright colored blouse. Silk muslin waists, made over a silk lining, are also considered suitable for yachting.

A pretty idea for decorating a gown with the yachting club colors consists of a coat and skirt threaded with ribbons of the desired color brought through buttonholed slits down the skirt, terminating in loose ends at the bottom, while the coat collar is treated in the same manner. If the inner vest of serge is not desired, a white dress shirt waist may be worn instead.

Evening dresses are as much in demand in summer as the more useful dresses for outdoor use. And a very dainty one, suitable for a young girl, is simply trimmed with ruffles of the same. A folded belt and two rosettes of ribbon are the only trimming, except the ruffles. This is a pretty style for white silk muslin made over a color.

Something odd in hats has a low crown and a level brim, which has a box plait on each side. Under these is arranged roses and foliage, and black ribbon and a black bird trim the outside. Tulle in all colors is a novelty in hat trimming, either arranged in soft twists or made into rosettes, and with this black or white birds and stiff wings are used.

Peach and blue in combination are very popular at the moment. But to be perfect the blue must be like the sky, and the peach glowing red pink.

Amethyst-colored moire, made up with white lace and jet, makes a very stylish gown.

The latest covert suits are trimmed with bias bands of the cloth stretched into a scroll pattern, which is stitched on by a machine.

She who aspires to be fashionable must have as many slippers in her summer wardrobe as she has evening gowns. Satin slippers to match the gown are always in favor, but at present the black slipper rules the hour.

A new black satin slipper is adorned with a rosette of black gauze which glistens with gilt spangles. A patent-leather novelty has an odd shaped strap over the instep which fastens with small rhinestone buttons. The slipper is ornamented by a black moire bow caught with a round rhinestone buckle. No fashionable slipper is without a buckle. The buckles vary from inexpensive silver clasps to costly affairs set in jewels. Rhinestones, which are in reach of the average woman's purse, always make an effective buckle.

An empire tea gown is made of rich mauve brocade with a black satin yoke, from which depends a full frill of priceless point d'Alencon, the Watteau pleat at the back formed of black satin, covered with the same lace down its entire length. The sleeves are large and made in the brocade, and the waist is defined by a girdle of mauve sequins. Black moire is the special characteristic of 1894. Blouses are made by hundreds in the popular material, with revers gathered collar and handsome jet trimmings, the fronts being detachable, so that they can be adapted to many toilettes. An Empire house gown is of wood-brown Liberty silk with a dull-green figure; the corsage is of plain green Liberty silk matching the figure: it is trimmed with heavy pointed guipure; the belt is of plain wood-brown silk. A blouse for dinner wear is trimmed with black lace, the revers cut double, the upper one cornflower satin, the basque full, a belt and handsome jet buckles at the waist. Another in cream moire has a bewitching brocade of pink roses over it, the front trimmed with point d'Alencon, the sleeves entirely lace.

Crepon has no successful rival as yet. A gown of this in a light shade of eau de Nil green is made plain in the skirt, full and fluted at the back, having three large bows and ends of cream ribbon introduced in front, halfway up the seams. The bodice is covered with cream-colored lace and puckered velvet, a glimmering of pink appearing under the lace. Petunia crepon and check crepon are finding favor, and a notable soft make of this material has fine lines of orange color intermixed with tiny floral stripes, thrown on a light green ground. The folded bodice displays a touch of orange velvet at the neck. A beautiful and at the same time most simple skirt is of fancy blue glace, with no trimming but a white moire pocket, fastened with three large steel buttons on the left side, and bordered with a deep lace frill. Spotted muslins and printed muslins are made over the color which predominates in the pattern. They are mostly mounted with a flounce at the hem, often headed by lace insertion let into the fabric, this same frill repeating itself on the bodice, which by means of large cape collars of lace must be made as wide as possible on the shoulders and as small as may be at the waist.

A handsome dress is of shot green and mauve glace; the skirt is made open at the side over quills of sulphur lace between two revers made of wide black ribbon broche with large red thistles; the bodice, with round waist, is draped, crossing to the left between two small revers of ribbon with thistles; a berthe of sulphur lace falls over the balloon sleeves; the foot of the round skirt has a small taffeta flounce, edged with thick ecru lace.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Beefsteak Soup.—Use any scraps of beefsteak for this soup. Cut the meat from the bones, and slowly boil together in enough water to cover them, until the meat is so tender it can be rubbed through a sieve with a potato masher; scrape all the meat from the bones, and rub it from a sieve, using the water in which it was boiled to moisten it with. Allow a cupful of this meat-pulp for each quart of soup—by meat-pulp we mean the meat softened in the water in which it was boiled—and a tablespoonful each of butter and dry flour; stir the butter and flour together over the fire in a thick saucepan until they brown, but avoid burning them, and then gradually stir in the meat-pulp and enough of the water in which the meat was boiled, or hot water, to make a soup about as thick as pea soup. Season the soup with salt cayenne, and it be ready to serve.

Kansas Cakes.—Beat to a cream a cup of butter, two and a half cups of sugar and the yolks of two eggs. Add a cup of sour cream in which has been dissolved a teaspoon of soda. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth; add to the butter and the sugar; flavor to taste. Use as little flour as will make a dough consistent enough to roll thin. Sprinkle with sugar; cut and bake in a quick oven.

Potato Cakes.—Mix thoroughly with cold mashed potatoes, left from dinner, the well-beaten yolk of an egg. Make into cakes as you would sausages, place in skillet with a tablespoonful of hot ham or beef drippings, cover tightly, and in five minutes, when lower side is browned, turn, remove cover and fry until the other side is a nice brown. Serve hot. Make up after dinner for frying for breakfast.

Butterless Sauce.—Scald half a gill of milk; mix half a pint of powdered sugar with the yolks of two eggs and add to the boiling milk. Stir until the mixture is as boiled custard. When cool flavor, and just before serving whisk in lightly the stiff whites of the eggs.

An Economical Dish.—Season mashed potatoes with salt, pepper, butter and cream. Place a layer in a pie dish, upon this place a layer f cold meat or fish, finely chopped, then alternate until the dish is nearly full. Strew bread crumbs over the top and bake brown.

Everyday Sauce.—A pint of boiling water, a heaping teacup of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in cold water. Boil half an hour. Season with nutmeg, or flavor with a tablespoonful of hot water.

Cold Cream Sauce.—Beat together a cup of sugar and half a cup of butter; add a cup of cream. Stir all to a thick, even liquid, flavor with lemon or vanilla and place on ice until ready to serve.

Foaming Sauce.—Melt a teacupful of sugar in a little water; let it boil; stir in a glass of wine and whisk in the well-beaten whites of three eggs. Serve at once.

To prevent the juice from pies running over, thrust little funnels of white paper into the cuts on top, through which the steam may escape and the juice boil up, and then run back into the pie again when it stops cooking.

MONGOLIAN AND CAUCASIAN.

Many centuries beyond the remotest vestiges of Caucasian civilization, ages past the time when Greece taught the world letters, and long before the Philezers and the Pharaohs, stood and still stands the mysterious Chinese Empire. Assyria and Babylon came and vanished; the Roman Empire rose and fell; nations and dynasties have grown and fallen to decay, but this political autonomy has outlived them all.

Already ancient before Memnon and the Pyramids, it still stands unshaken through the milleniums of vicissitudes that for forty centuries have rocked the world.

However inferior we may consider the race, however diverse their ways from ours, or however antipodal to us their plan of civilization and system of government, such stability and coheiveness demand our attention. Although these people be to us pagan, although entirely alien in religious conception, anything that has so withstood the mutations and shocks of time must challenge something of our respect and admiration. What shall we find when we refer to our own preceding civilization within hail the sweep of centuries that has rolled over this political structure of the Orient?

We can trace ourselves to an ancestry that back in savagery was clad in skins of beasts, and we can trace our rise, red-handed, to fierce pillagers and bold marauders. To-day we exhibit the blood-thirsty instinct as unmistakably as if tattooed on our brows—we manifest it in our Caucasian armies and navies, straining every nerve to hold up to ourselves and to the inferior races self-lauded glorification and the blessedness of war.

Blood shedders are we first, last and all the time, and there is not one of our Governments whose boundary on earth is not indicated by a crimson line. Our history, for the greater part, is a record of inhuman strife; wrecks and skeletons litter our historic pathways, and, glance in whatever direction the student may, he is confronted with the spectral apparitions of races we have wronged, and which wrong on the record of retribute justice still stands unatoned.

IT DIDN'T MATTER.—A musician tells a funny story of his experience as a teacher. One day a lady somewhat advanced in years came to make arrangements for taking private lessons in singing.

At the end of the second lesson the teacher felt constrained to tell his pupil that her ear was not true.

She received the remark very coolly, and at the next lesson sang as badly as before.

"I am afraid," said the man of music, "that you can never learn to sing in tune."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," was the surprising reply.

"Doesn't matter!" said the astonished teacher.

"No," said the pupil. "I don't care anything about music, but my doctor said that singing would be the best thing for my dyspepsia, and so I decided to take lessons."

DEER PARK.

ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHENIES.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health and pleasure, Deer Park on the crest of the Alleghany Mountains, 3,000 feet above the sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, and the most picturesque scenery in the Alleghany range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of its guests.

The surrounding grounds, as well as the hotel, are lighted with electricity. Six miles distant on the same mountain summit is Oakland, the twin resort of Deer Park, and equally as well equipped for the entertainment and accommodations of its patrons. Both hotels are upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantages of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the East and West. Season excursion tickets, good for return passage until October 31st, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country. One way tickets reading from St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, and any point on the B. & O. system to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York, or vice versa, are good to stop off at either Deer Park, Mountain Lake Park or Oakland, and the time limit will be extended by agents at either resort upon application, to cover the period of the holder's visit.

The season at these popular resorts commences June 23rd.

For full information as to hotel rates, rooms, etc., address George D. DeShields, Manager, Deer Park, or Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland.

R. R. R.

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Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

This is to certify that in February, 1890, I had a severe attack of "La Grippe" and cured myself in twenty-four hours by the use of Radway's Ready Relief and Radway's Pills. I had another attack of the same dreadful disease in March, 1891, and used the same remedy with the same result. I do not know Radway & Co., the parties who manufacture these medicines, and I have always put very little faith in "Almanac Certificates," but if these few lines will only induce some suffering one to use the above remedy I will feel amply repaid for writing what I have. Respectfully,

E. L. BROWN.

J. W. BREWER, Ashburn, Pike Co., Mo.—"One bottle of Ready Relief and one box of Radway's Pills cured five in my family of that terrible complaint, 'La Grippe,' or Influenza."

W. THISTLE, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England—"I thank God and you for your Ready Relief and Pills, which have cured me completely of La Grippe."

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF aided by RADWAY'S PILLS is the quickest and most effectual cure for

THE "GRIP."

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

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Sick Headache,
Indigestion,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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INDIA RUBBER.

The following particulars given by a Spanish writer on South America in the latter part of the sixteenth century are curious. From this account we learn that the ancient Indian kings in South America had their fools and jesters as well as the kings and nobles of Europe, and also that India rubber was applied centuries ago on the other side of the Atlantic in making waterproof cloaks: "There is a tree which they (the Indians) call Uequahuit; it is held in great estimation, and grows in the hot country. This tree yields a white milky substance, thick and gummy, and in great abundance. To obtain it they wound the tree with an axe, and from these wounds the liquor drops.

"The natives collect it in round vessels of different sizes, called in their language Xicalli, but by us calabashes. In these they allow it to settle in round balls of the size most convenient for the purposes to which they are about to apply them. When quite set they boil them in water, in which state the gum is called ulli. The Indians who have not got calabashes smear their bodies over with it, and when it becomes dry they remove the whole incrustation, which comes off in the form of a very smooth membrane, its thickness depending upon the will of the party collecting. They then make it into balls and boil them as before. Anciently they used to play with these balls, striking them against the ground and making them rise to a great height. From ulli an oil is extracted of great value in various applications.

"The oil is drunk mixed with cocoa, and, indeed, it softens any other medicine, however hard its quality. It is also found of great service in stopping hemorrhages, for which it is taken internally. The coagulated ulli is so strong in itself that a breastplate made of it no arrow will pass; for being of a leathery nature and membranous, it ejects the point. The kings and nobles were accustomed anciently to make shoes of ulli, and to order their fools and jesters, the humpbacked and dwarfs of the palace, to be shod therewith, in order to make them spurt; for the wearers could not stop without falling, which, with their awkward actions, gave rise to much jesting and merriment. Our people (the Spaniards) used it in waxing their cloaks, which were made of coarse canvas, so as to make them resist water; and, in truth, it is of great effect in resisting water, but not so the sun, for the rays thereof melt it."

This singular substance was known by the name of India rubber, elastic gum, Cayenne resin, and by the French as caoutchouc. It was little known in Europe till long after the commencement of the last century, and its origin and composition were first learned from M. de la Condamine, an active and enterprising member of the French Academy, who, by traveling into the interior parts of South America, had an opportunity of acquiring the necessary information. Subsequent researches have shown that a juice more or less resembling India rubber may be procured from various trees growing in warm climates.

An authority states that it was in the year 1823 that India rubber was first applied to articles of dress. It was cut into narrow strips, and being covered with cotton or silk, was used as straps for dogs—articles then commonly used by English ladies in muddy weather.

A few years later a hosiery manufacturer of Leicester made worsted and cotton gloves with bands at the top of this material. Braces and garters soon followed. While the atmosphere kept a medium temperature this article answered very well, but frost made it hard, and the heat caused it to be far too elastic. The secret of making it insensible to changes of temperature was discovered by accident. It had been the custom to apply French chalk to the strands of rubber to prevent them sticking together. One day some powdered sulphur was tried as substitute, and it was found that the rubber thus treated was less susceptible to changes of temperature, being hardly at all affected by cold.

This discovery was followed up, and vulcanized rubber was thus invented. In addition to being rendered insensible to moderate heat or cold, its elasticity was increased. In 1850 elastic web was introduced into gentlemen's boots. It was first used by ladies in the form of a thin strip called a sandal, which, coming across the ankle, held the shoe to the foot. Very soon afterward it was introduced into ladies' and gentlemen's boots as side-springs, and quickly became fashionable.

THE WIFE.—Woman's love, like the rose blossoming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart, and while all around it is black and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of woman appear more beautiful than in that of wife; parents, brethren and friends, have claims upon the affections, but the love of a wife is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent, a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother; but the feelings which induce her to this conduct are not such as those which lead a wife to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him; to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and ever remain unalterable at his side in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is a heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hapless husband. When we behold her in her domestic scenes, a mere passive creature of enjoyment, an intellectual joy, brightening the family circle with her endearments, and loved for the extreme joy which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being who seems to hold her existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay, when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should maintain her pristine powers of delight, and by her words of comfort and patience, lead the distracted murmurer to peace and resignation.

JAPANESE JUGGLING.—Of jugglers there are no end in Japan. Swell Japanese always have them at any large entertainment of theirs. One old man, who could give Keller points, goes around in a single cotton gown, with two baskets full of properties over his shoulders, and, putting them down anywhere, performs his tricks, with the expectant audience encircling him. A hat full of coppers rewards him sufficiently, and he goes on to eat fire, spit out eggs, needles, lanterns and smoking pipes at the next place. At a recent Japanese dinner a foreign guest determined to have no optical delusions about what the jugglers did. He never let his glances be distracted, and was not once off his guard. Noticing this, the old juggler played to him entirely. An immense porcelain vase was brought in and set in the middle of the room, and the juggler crawling up let himself down into it slowly. The sceptic then sat for half-an-hour without taking his eyes from the vase that he had first been convinced was sound and firm and stood on no trap door. After this prolonged watch the rest of the company assailed him with laughter and jeers, and pointed to his side, where the old juggler was seated fanning himself, and had been seated for some minutes. The sceptic was dumfounded, and wanted the trick repeated, but the whole company protested that he had had a fair chance to catch the wizard and had failed.

THE DIFFERENCE OF CHILDREN.—Children are born of the same parents, they live under the same roof, they see, or are supposed to see, the same external scenes. But when vice or virtue comes before them, the attention of one may be active, and of another sluggish. One reflects on what has passed before him, and another forgets. One judges exactly, and another erroneously. One is disgusted with the faults of a companion, and another is reconciled to them by some concomitant excellence, by liveliness of temper, by vivacity of conversation, or by proficiency in the little amusements which captivate the mind of the young.

DOING THINGS BY HALVES.—A few years ago an amusing scene took place on board a sailing vessel coming home from India. Nobody had attempted to shave on the voyage until they neared Southampton, when there was a general request for razors.

It happened that there was only one to be had, all the others probably being packed away with the heavy luggage in the hold. The owner of the solitary razor consented to lend it round, but on condition that each one should shave half his face only at one turn, the owner then to have first use. He carefully shaved one side of his face, and then passed the razor on.

In due time the razor came back to its owner, who at once trimmed the other side of his face; and then, by a sudden turn of his wrist, he jerked the razor into the sea.

How they all groaned! And yet they never laughed more than they did after they got over the first shock. When they landed every man seemed to have a bad face-ache, to judge from the handkerchiefs and scarves which were held up, and there was an immediate rush to the nearest barber's shops.

HOW TO KEEP ICE.—A very simple but little known method of keeping ice is to draw a piece of thick flannel tightly over some deep vessel, like a bowl, for instance, and fasten it there. The ice is placed on top of this drumhead and covered loosely by another piece of flannel. In this condition the ice keeps cold, and even freezes to the flannel. Thus a small piece of ice can be kept near the patient all night, so as to avert many weary marches up and down stairs to the refrigerator. To break the ice a sharp needle or hat pin is the best thing. Force it in, and you will be astonished how easily it will divide the ice.

BACON—"What's that thread tied about your little finger for?" Egbert.—"Oh, that's just to remind my wife to ask me if I forgot something she told me to remember."

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It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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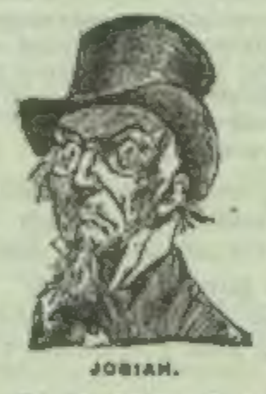

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Humorous.

EPITAPH ON A COOK.

Pause, stranger, pause, and heave a sigh
  Where rest the bones of saint and sinner;
Thou, too, unhappy wight, must die,
  And hear no more the bell for dinner.

Once hale as thou, I was the boast
  For dishes made, and savory sauces;
To dress the stew'd, the boil'd, the roast,
  I tax'd my inmost mind's resources.

The flavor of the better parts
  How oft those grinning teeth extracted!
Alas! for other lips and hearts
  The tribute juice is now exacted.

There came a day—a day of dread—
  (As come there will to saint and sinner)
When Time a feast for one did spread,
  Death was the guest, and I the dinner.

He ate my flesh, he pick'd my bones,
  He revell'd in my brain and marrow;
The rest he flung amid the stones,
  In this dark pit so deep and narrow.

Oh Time! thou weary, weary hour
  Of trussing, stuffing, cooking, feasting!
Thou art a salad, sweet and sour—
  Thy only sense that cloys not—tasting.

Go, stranger, go, nor shed a tear
  O'er this green turf so rich and wavy,
For oh! each pearly drop, I fear,
  Would hook me with a hint of gravy.

—H. J. B.

Epitaph on a portrait painter—Taken from life.

It takes an auctioneer to make a boat sale on dry land.

"Did your new play meet with a warm reception?" "Well, rather. The critics literally toasted it."

When you see a counterfeit coin on the sidewalk always pick it up. You are liable to arrest if you try to pass it.

The new parlor maid: "Miss Allen says she's not at home, sir." He: "Oh—er—really! Then tell her I didn't call."

Miss Tucker says it is with bachelors as with old wood; it is hard to get them started, but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously.

A little boy being told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him, said with a roguish smile: "Powder, powder! Mother, I ain't a gun!"

Freddy, after Bible lesson: "Mamma, I don't see why the brother of the Prodigal Son should have made such a fuss; it wasn't anything very grand to have veal for dinner."

A fashionable but ignorant lady, desirous of purchasing a watch, was shown a very beautiful one, the shopkeeper remarking that it went 36 hours. "What, in one day?" she asked.

Frances and her papa had a few blocks to go, and the latter asked: "Frances, shall we walk or take the street cars?" "Well, papa," replied the little girl, "I'll walk if you'll carry me."

"How is your wife, dear boy? Still confined to her room?"

"Thanks—she is going on pretty well. The doctor has stopped visiting her."

"Ah, out of danger, then!"

Mrs. Slabs: "I see it says here that insanity in every country is more prevalent among unmarried men than married persons." Mr. Slabs: "Yes; that proves that marriage brings people to their senses."

He, having nothing better to say: "Do you approve of short courtships?"

She: "Yes; but not too short. I have only known you a week—but, after all, what does it matter? Speak to mother, and I guess it will be all right."

A certain judge was renowned for his ferocity upon the bench. While going the circuit, a facetious lawyer was asked if the judge was not just behind? "I don't know," said the lawyer; "but if he is, I am sure he was never just before."

"What ye lookin' in the dictionery for?" asked the messenger boy. "I'm lookin' for de word 'perambulate.'" "Why, dat means somethin' like plain walk." "Yep. But it sounds slower, an' I t'ought maybe I ort ter have it in my business."

A lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

Fair maiden, a summer boarder: "How savagely that cow looks at me!"

Farmer Haywood: "It's your red parasol, mum."

Fair maiden: "Dear me! I knew it was a little bit out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it."

"Johnny," said his teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in seven days, and your uncle George can do it in nine days, how long would it take both of them to do it?"

"They'd never get it done," said Johnny; "they'd sit down and tell fish-stories."

THE GERMAN ARMY.—It is impossible to conceive of a more thorough system than that on which the German army is based. In every village there is a certain sum of money deposited in the city hall which is sufficient to keep all the soldiers in the village in food for thirty days after the declaration of war. Next to the city hall is the armory, arsenal and barracks of the place. Here are the cannon and the smaller arms, the ammunition and every requisite for war. The officers live in the building. Scattered throughout the village are the soldiers. Those who pass the first term of service are engaged in various occupations. Every horse in the village is duly ticketed and appraised. At stated times the horse is taken from his position in the shafts of a carriage or butcher's, baker's, or candlestick maker's wagon, mounted by a soldier or hitched to a gun carriage, drilled into his business and returned politely to his owner. The instant war breaks out the horse becomes the property of the Emperor William II. This condition of things exists in every corner of the empire. The instant the emperor decides on war, the entire telegraphic and railroad service is turned over to the State; the shoemaker in the village dons his uniform, jumps on his neighbor's horse, reports at the barracks, the bag of money is put in the gun carriage, and within a few hours the entire force of the village, town or city, is standing in the road ready mounted and thoroughly equipped for active service. Everything is arranged, all contingencies foreshadowed, and an army of 3,000,000 men stands waiting for orders within a few hours after the declaration of war. It is marvelous.

"SEE?"—The young and winsome maiden called to see her father on behalf of George, the youth who had won her heart, but who was not her father's favorite.

"Father," she said gently, "I want to tell you something, and you mustn't be angry."

"Very well," he replied, "I promise," and he bent forward and kissed her.

"I want to tell you, father, that George and I are in love, and we want to get married."

The father forgot his promise in a second, and began to storm.

"Haven't I told you I wouldn't have him about the house? Haven't I forbidden you to see him?" he ranted. "Now, once for all, I tell you if he comes here again or sees you anywhere else, I'll kick him all over the town."

The girl stood her ground like a little man.

"Now, papa, dear," she said, "you'll do nothing of the sort. George is young and healthy and a champion all-round athlete, and we had a conference this morning, and I told him I'd love him just the same, even if he had to pound you clean out of shape in defending his rights in this case; so you may as well see fit to submit and save us the necessity of resorting to harsh measures. See?"

He saw.

A THOUGHT-READING HORSE.—"An addition has been made to the variety show at the Crystal Palace in the shape of what is described as a talking and thought-reading horse," says a London paper. "Mazeppa seems to be able to do anything but talk, and by means of her feet and head to answer any questions put to her, either by her trainer or by any of the spectators. She first starts counting four by striking the ground four times; and then goes through a simple examination in addition, multiplication, and subtraction with perfect accuracy. After calling for the number of days in a week, the number of months in a year, and the day of the month, McGuire asked how many days in a week she desired to work; and her vigorous shake of the head to indicate none caused considerable amusement. She also adds up a fourth-line sum dictated from the auditorium, and written on a blackboard; tells the time by different watches, and performs many other remarkable feats."

A CERTAIN mother was the proud possessor of twins which were as much like as two peas. One night she heard a series of giggles proceeding from the neighborhood of the twins' bed.

"What are you laughing at there?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," replied Edith, one of the twins, "only you have given me two baths, and Alice none."

SUMMER VACATION TOURS.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio River a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain and seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31st. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the B. & O. Book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All B. & O. Ticket Agents at principal points have them, and they will be sent post-paid upon receipt of ten cents, by Chas. O. Scull, General Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Balto., Md..

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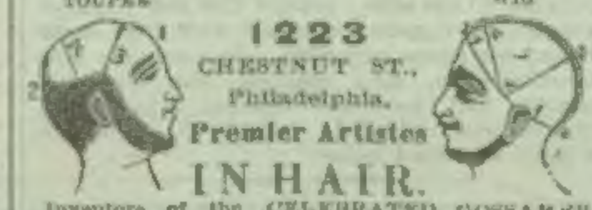

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
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4.10, 7.25 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining cars, p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut, 10.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 4 00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.40 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.40 a m, 4.30 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot: week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.45, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 4.45 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 9.00 a m, 5.00 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Leave Brigantine, week-days, 5.15 a m, 3.05 p m. Sundays, 6.55 a m, 5.20 p m.

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